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MAN AS HE IS.

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MAN AS HE IS.

A

NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HERMSPRONG.

Voluptates, blandiſſimæ dominæ, majores partes animi à virtute detorquent.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

TO a refined and ſenſible people,—ſays Mr. Rouſſeau,—inſtruction can only be offered in form of a novel. The Engliſh are a refined and ſenſible people; and I deſire to inſtruct them in the beſt manner poſſible. Indeed the mode of inſtruction by novels, is become as prevalent as Mr. Rouſſeau himſelf could have wiſhed; and to all who think in his elegant manner, will be irrefragable proof of my beloved country being, whatſoever may become of our politics, the firſt of nations for refinement and ſenſibility.

Whether

Whether reviewers are graver than the reſt of mankind; whether they do not accord to the abovementioned ſentiment of John James; or whether they do not think us yet ſufficiently refined and ſenſible; it is certain the whole corps, *una voce*, exclaim againſt this favoured ſpecies of compoſition. Some, I believe, becauſe they think les Sages, les Marivaux, the Fieldings, the Smollets, are dead and buried, and will not riſe again; others, becauſe novels, as novels, do poiſon the minds of young ladies; and young ladies do poiſon young gentlemen; and ſo there is danger of an univerſal ſanies, from this corrupted and corrupting cauſe. But I humbly opine, that boarding ſchools, where young ladies go to learn to dreſs and behave, and

and where they do learn to dreſs with vanity, and behave with pride, may at leaſt claim an equal ſhare in this buſineſs of corruption.

It is true, and it is pity; but it muſt be owned, there are books called novels, and it is probable I am increaſing the number, which would weary the patience of German or Dutch reviewers. Our gentlemen, might with reaſon complain of their triſtes calendæ, thoſe ſad days when they were obliged to labour through them, if they were obliged; but ſurely, here, if any where, it may be allowed them to catch the eel of ſcience, by the tail.

It is not now—as in the days of good Queen Ann—when none read, but thoſe who could read. Except the wives and daughters

daughters of country labourers, all women read now, or ſeem to read. Whether fairy tales or novels be the mental food moſt meet for the moiety of our reading ladies, I do not determine; but ſince, as I preſume by the demand, their choice falls upon the latter—I remember what the great King of Pruſſia ſaid upon a ſort of ſimilar occaſion,—If my loving ſubjects chuſe to be damned, I give them my permiſſion. So, if my pretty country women will read nonſenſe, I am not a man to bar them ſo reaſonable a liberty; and I hope the reviewers will henceforward grant them the ſame indulgence.

Upon a ſerious conſideration of the foregoing premiſes, ſmit with the love of fame, and having weighed my own abilities

abilities in the accurate balance which authors generally uſe upon ſuch occaſions, I ventured to aſſume the pen. For fame is fame, whether it ariſe from the delicate whiſper of the well judging few, or the loud roar of the many. Kings have been known to prefer the latter. So has John Weſley. Why not I?

When I had gotten together a competent aggregate, I ſubmitted it to the inſpection of a lady of taſte, who reads all novels, and has more to ſay in their praiſe than reviewers. She returned my manuſcript with this compliment: I thank you, Sir, for the peruſal; but it by no means anſwers my expectation.

"Pray, ma'am," ſaid I, with an odd ſort of trepidation; for authors have delicate

licate nervous ſyſtems, and I felt mine rather deranged; "pray, ma'am—what a—are your—objections?"

"You call it a novel," anſwered ſhe. "No, Sir—it is not a novel. A novel ſhould have plot. You have no plot. Character—but character is not your forte. Incident—you have indeed a few ſmall incidents, but weak, and by no means of the right ſort. Of the marvellous—nothing. Of diſtreſs—why you have abſolutely no diſtreſs that deſerves the name. And for love!—oh, I promiſe you, your twenty thouſand fair readers will not thank you for the leſſons you have given them on that ſubject."

"Pray, madam," ſaid I, humbled to the duſt, "if it is not a novel, what is it?"

"Really,"

"Really," anſwered ſhe, "it is totally out of my power to ſolve that enigma. It is, I believe, what naturaliſts call a non-deſcript. However, if you will print, don't mind the title. Leave it to the reviewers to give your book a name; they will do it—depend upon it."

To the reviewers then, with all humiliation of ſpirit, I commit it; hoping they will condeſcend to tell us, as ſoon as may be convenient—

WHAT IT IS.

EXORDIUM.

EXORDIUM.

THAT a deviation from virtue is a deviation from happineſs, divines have always taught; yet men will not believe; for there are ſtill deviations from virtue. As far as my own experience reaches, I can aver the truth of this firſt of moral maxims, which cannot be too often inculcated. I have friends who deny its univerſality. I have others who are aſſured of it; and who, for the benefit of the univerſe, have put into my hands the papers whence I have extracted the following true hiſtory; which, without farther preface, begins thus:

MAN

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MAN AS HE IS.

CHAP. I.

THE family of the Paradynes is very ancient in England. Walter Erdolf Paradyne held of Henry the ſecond in Capite; and having delivered up one of the king's caſtles when nothing was left in it to eat, the monarch ordered him into cloſe cuſtody in the caſtle of Wincheſter. Alice, his wife, paid this gracious king ten marks, to be with her huſband one night. Thoſe were the times when kings were conſiderate, and attentive to the wiſhes of the ſubject.

When the antiquity of a family is once eſtabliſhed, it ſeldom renders any very material ſervice to it to inquire why the original honours were beſtowed, or how ſupported; ſatisfied, therefore, with having built upon a ſolid foundation, the right of looking down upon the common herd; I paſs over from the reign of Henry the ſecond to that of George the third, without taking the trouble to make compariſons.

As a country gentleman, the late Sir Jeffery Paradyne muſt have been in ſome eſtimation. His eſtate was large; he was œconomical, without avarice; and his tenantry were flouriſhing. He was in the houſe many years; always endeavoured to diſtinguiſh the right from the wrong in a queſtion; and when he could perform this arduous operation to his own ſatisfaction, always voted for this right; although he had married the ſiſter of Lord Auſchamp; who never fluctuated in his opinions; was always the firm friend of adminiſtration; and took all complaiſant pains to inſtruct his ill-informed brother-in-law.

Lady

Lady Mary Paradyne had little fortune, and was therefore under the neceſſity of ſetting a very high value upon rank. It was troubleſome to Sir Jeffery, to the country ladies, and even to Lady Mary herſelf. I ſpeak of the routine of etiquette which it induced. Sir Jeffery would ſometimes endeavour to break it; but never had the happineſs to render his lady leſs perverſe by the attempt. Not that ſhe was perverſe in all her ways. She brought Sir Jeffery three ſons and a daughter, charming children, and ſo properly brought up, that they ſeldom laughed at papa and mamma, or ventured to make mouths, till they were at a reaſonable diſtance.

Whatſoever might be the portion of Sir Jeffery's happineſs, it was terminated very prematurely by a fatal accident. The Drogheda, from Dublin to Holyhead, was loſt in a ſtorm, and all on board periſhed. The principal of the unfortunate paſſengers were Sir Jeffery and his two eldeſt ſons, returning from Ireland, where the baronet had improveable eſtates.

I do not pretend to deſcribe the affliction of Lady Mary Paradyne; one may judge of its exceſs by its conſequences. The firſt quarter, Lady Mary reſolved to paſs in ſilence. In the ſecond, ſhe would allow herſelf to ſpeak, provided any kind friend would indulge her in the language of ſorrow. Cards were abſolutely to be interdicted during this immenſe portion of widowhood. In the third quarter they might be allowed to appear, for the comfort of her condoling friends, but not her own. No—the world ſhould not bribe her to touch them till the laſt period of widowhood; if, even then, ſhe ſhould be able to endure them.

Thoſe who know what cards and ladies are, will be amazed at the aſtoniſhing effects of ſo common a cauſe; for huſbands die daily; and what ladies are found ſo deficient in true piety, not to bear the diſpenſations of Providence with due reſignation? But it was not the ſimple death of Sir Jeffery and her ſons which afflicted Lady Mary ſo inordinately; it was the manner of it. Had it happened in bed,

bed, after a year's ſubſtantial ſickneſs, I dare ſay, Lady Mary would have been governed by the milder laws which faſhion has in that caſe made and provided.

I cannot ſpeak of the grief of Miſs Paradyne in the ſame terms. She was only in her nineteenth year, not yet much initiated in ton, and knew to grieve only as nature taught her. She loved her father and brothers; the roſe died upon her cheeks; her appetite was loſt; her amuſements were no longer amuſements; her breaſt was oppreſſed with an uncommon ſenſe of weight, and her hours waſted in wearineſs and languor. Diſpoſed nearly in the ſame manner, were the feelings of Mr. George, now Sir George Paradyne, a ſtudent at Oxford. A ſtrong addiction to ſcience had hitherto been his guard againſt libertiniſm, without having weakened the ſocial affections. He felt his loſs; and was little inclined to admit the rich ſucceſſion he became heir to, as an alleviation.

When he arrived at Dennington, he found himſelf more diſpoſed to ſoft ſympathy with his ſiſter, than to adopt the mode of ſorrow Lady Mary had choſen. It was their duty, however, to endeavour to comfort their mother; it was a vain endeavour. Lady Mary could not ſupport the idea of comfort. It abſolutely enraged her, and ſhe actually broke her determined ſilence in the very firſt week of her widowhood, in order to chaſtiſe the preſumption of two unnatural children, who could ſuppoſe her capable of entertaining ſo preposterous an idea.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

SIR GEORGE PARADYNE, now in his twenty-firſt year, had been deſigned for the church, had ſubſcribed to the thirty-nine articles, which he perfectly underſtood, that is, as perfectly as thoſe who made them; and was upon the point of declaring his call to the miniſtry of the holy ſpirit, when the news of this family misfortune reached him. It was not till three months after, he could reſume this divine conſideration; and then he perceived clearly his call was gone; and that the ſpirit had quite abandoned him—ſo hard is it for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

In a month, the family removed to London, Lady Mary conceiving the metropolis wanted an example ſuch as hers; and her ſon an inſtructor like the Earl of Aufchamp. The Earl would willingly have undertaken the entire guardianſhip of his nephew, with all its appendages; but by Sir Jeffery's laſt will, made many years before his melancholy cataſtrophe, he had given this guardianſhip of all the minors of the family to Mr. James Paradyne, his brother.

Mr. James Paradyne was a plain country gentleman, and an honeſt, though not perhaps very ſagacious, juſtice of the peace. In the language of the laſt half century, he was a jolly hale hearty fellow, kept fox hounds, loved his bottle, had no objection to a pretty girl in the dark; but had the wiſdom to take warning by his elder brother; and keep out of the matrimonial precincts.

Lady Mary Paradyne never could bear the untutored manners of her brother-in-law, and contrived to ſhew her contempt of him ſo many ways, that he became an entire ſtranger at

at Dennington-hall. This contempt he returned as oft' as opportunity offered, ſo that the lady and the gentleman ſoon conceived as cordial a hatred for each other as ever need to diſgrace humanity.

Mr. Paradyne was much bent upon oppoſing the journey of his wards to town; and of conſigning Lady Mary over to her, jointure and jointure-houſe. The nephew made pious and even learned remonſtrances againſt it without effect. The gentle and ſmiling entreaties of his engaging niece were the ſole powers capable of changing the direction of a will, unaccuſtomed to find any impediment to its reſolutions.

Lord Auſchamp had the mortification to find Sir George a moſt indocile ſcholar in the great ſchool of politics. He never could make him comprehend that great political truth, that power is always right; and the conſequent neceſſity of ſupporting government in all its motions. So untractable was his pupil in theſe particulars, ſo obſtinate in oppoſition, that the ſmiling politeneſs of Lord

Auſchamp would ſometimes give way to angry conceptions; and ſuffer him to be ſurpriſed into very uncourtly language.

On the other hand, Sir George, warm with the ideas of Greece and Rome, began to ſuſpect that his uncle was little of a ſtateſman and leſs of a patriot; that his morals were verſatile; and his manners affected. So he determined to confine his reverence to the exterior reſpect due to the brother of his mother, but by no means to conſider him as a model for himſelf.

Something of this was perceptible to Lord Auſchamp, who knowing the force of early impreſſions, and the importance Sir George might be of to him in his political capacity; communicated his opinions to Lady Mary. That gentle ſiſter concurred with her brother in thinking it expedient Sir George ſhould travel. "Abroad," Lord Auſchamp ſaid, "he will learn a little more implicit obedience, and correct the errors of his academic education."

Sir

Sir George aſſented to the propoſal willingly; for over and above the pleaſures the idea of travelling preſents to youthful minds, the temper of Lady Mary made it a difficult taſk to him to treat her with all the attention and reſpect her maternal relation demanded.

Mr. Paradyne conſented alſo, becauſe, as he ſaid, Lady Mary would make the boy a beau and a milkſop; and Lord Auſchamp would make him a jacobite. It is true, this did not demonſtrate the accuracy of Mr. Paradyne's ideas, but fully denoted their tenor.

Nothing therefore remained but to ſeek a tutor worthy of ſo important a truſt. Many were found and rejected. It was his lordſhip's department, as he was a courtier, to examine their morals; her ladyſhip's, as ſhe was a lady, their manners, and Sir George, with all the ſapience of twenty years and a half, undertook the article of wiſdom.

Lady Mary was ſo attentive to this important office, that ſhe rejected five ſucceſſive candidates. Lord Auſchamp only three. I believe I ought rather to ſay three were re-

jected for want of virtue, moral or political; five for want of grace. Not that either of these polite inquisitors thought it necessary to inquire whether the candidate had a few private vices more or less; but Lord Auschamp thought, true virtue was to love one's king, and to support his ministers; whilst Lady Mary thought the perfection of human nature, was taste in dress, and elegance of deportment. In short, the difficulty of choice was so great, that it is probable none would ever have been made, had not chance, or what we are pleased to call so, determined Sir George to make his own election.

One Mr. Lagray, a mathematical instrument maker, had got into the king's bench prison for certain failures of payment; occasioned, as he afterwards assured Sir George, by the misfortune of having Lords for customers. He was a very honest man, his scales were very exact, and he had a very pretty daughter, who being of French extraction, had a great deal of French freedom and vivacity.

Some-

Sometimes Sir George amuſed himſelf in Mr. Lagray's workſhop; ſometimes in Miſs Lagray's parlour. He had too tender a heart to bear to ſee Miſs Lagray weep. He had alſo, for he was yet young in the world, money, liberality, and compaſſion. Would nature, if it is her buſineſs, but give the two latter, wherever fortune is pleaſed to beſtow the former, it is inconceivable how this ſingle circumſtance would change, all for the better, the moral face of this our globe. At leaſt, this was the opinion of Epictetus; I anſwer for nothing.

Sir George went to the king's bench priſon to confer with Mr. Lagray, who having proved, that had he been poſſeſſed of $x+y+z$ pounds, he might ſtill have been making diagonals in his own attic ſtory, Sir George agreed to replace him there. The probability of ſuch an event, being only as one to ninety-ſeven againſt it, according to the Marquis of Condercel's moral calculations, it excited the honeſt mechanic's wonder, almoſt as much as it excited his gratitude.

Whilſt

Whilſt they were ſtanding in a corner of the area, conſidering the ſteps neceſſary to procure Mr. Lagray's freedom, Sir George ſaw a middle aged gentleman paſs by, in company with another, too gaily dreſſed to be thought an inhabitant of any priſon. The firſt, who had been a priſoner ſome years, was decently dreſſed in a plain ſuit of broad cloth; had an open agreeable face, but tinged with the hue of ſicklineſs; a penſive caſt of feature; eyes which indicated intelligence, and a tout enſemble capable of intereſting a profound phyſiognomiſt in no ſmall degree.

"Once again, Sir, I anſwer no. I can have bread here, Sir, bread and peace. What I believe to be wrong, I will not ſay or write for any man; nor will I owe an obligation to——" was his reply to the gentleman as they paſſed along; but the cloſe was loſt by the diſtance.

Sir George aſked Mr. Lagray if he knew him? Mr. Lagray anſwered, he knew no more of him than his name, which was Lindſay; and

and that he was regarded in the priſon as a man of nice honour, and active kindneſs; who never refuſed pity and comfort to wretchedneſs, and often found a way to relieve it more ſubſtantially.

By the keeper of the priſon, Sir George was informed that Mr. Lindſay was the ſon of a clergyman; and thrown into priſon by his father's widow, for a debt of fifty pounds. That he was viſited occaſionally by reſpectable people, ſome of whom had in his hearing ſolicited leave to pay the debt. That Mr. Lindſay always refuſed this kindneſs, ſaying that it was the demand of malignity, and ſhould not be gratified. That he ſupported himſelf by the preſs, and when he had a ſuperfluity of money, he parted with it to relieve the neceſſities of thoſe who were moſt in want. For more particulars he referred him to the lodgings whence the arreſt had taken him.

Theſe were in Bloomſbury, at the houſe of a widow, who burſt into tears at the mention of Mr. Lindſay, and ſpoke of him in terms

terms which increaſed Sir George's reſpect for his character.

Repairing the next day to the priſon, and calling for a room, he ſent to requeſt Mr. Lindſay's company; and having an idea (would all men had it) that a perſon in Mr. Lindſay's ſituation ought to be treated with peculiar delicacy, began the converſation with an apology for the liberty he had preſumed to take; but that his character had inſpired him with the deſire of ſoliciting his friendſhip.

Mr. Lindſay, who knew the world, and did not believe that motives of mere benevolence could induce a young man of Sir George's gay appearance to ſeek him in priſon, anſwered politely, but with ſome coldneſs and reſerve.

"Mr. Lindſay," ſays Sir George, "you do right to repreſs my preſumption. Friendſhip, I know, is not to be had for the mere aſking; and yours, I believe, is too valuable to be beſtowed upon a man, who may poſſibly never poſſeſs ſufficient merit to deſerve it. I ſhould have aſked your acquaintance only, and

and left it to time and my own attentions, to procure the whole of my deſire."

"You treat me with a candour, Sir," replied Mr. Lindſay, "which demands an equal return of candour on my part. I cannot ſuppoſe a gentleman would deſcend into a priſon with the ſole view of adding an unhappy man to the number of his acquaintance. You conceive probably ſome ſervice I might be able to render you for this condeſcenſion."

"So far, Mr. Lindſay," anſwered Sir George, "you are perfectly right."

"It depends then upon the nature of that ſervice, what reply I ought to make."

"Nothing in the world," ſays Sir George, "but to ingraft your knowledge upon my ignorance; your experience upon my want of it."

"Have the goodneſs to be more explicit."

"Moſt willingly," anſwered Sir George. "You have your misfortunes; ſo have I, but they happen to be the reverſe of yours. You have too much poverty; I have too much

much wealth. I have juſt experience enough of the world to know my own danger; juſt prudence enough to deſire to take cautions againſt the follies of the age, and my own. I am a minor of family. My relations are looking out for a tutor. Dare you undertake the taſk?"

"Indeed I dare not."

"Oh," ſays Sir George, ſmiling, "you have a competent idea of its nature."

"I have," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "a competent idea of my own impotence. I have never yet been able to govern myſelf."

"That indeed," ſays Sir George, "is the moſt difficult of all government. You'll learn it, as other people do, when you come to three ſcore years and ten. I believe the wiſe Solomon did not acquire it much before that term. In the mean time, make a few experiments upon other ſubjects. I offer myſelf for your firſt eſſay."

"If," ſays Mr. Lindſay, "I could believe myſelf capable of doing you ſervice, this engaging frankneſs might determine me to

to try. But it cannot be; a tutor ſhould be well acquainted with the world; I am not ſo—at leaſt, not your world. His mind and body ought to be in habits of activity. Mine is loſt. Diſguſted with mankind—is it for me to introduce a gentleman into a proper commerce with it? It is your humanity, Sir, has betrayed you into this error. It ought to be the part of my integrity to prevent your ſuffering by the illuſion."

"So it is," ſays Sir George, "men draw concluſions. Hear mine. You have been taught in the great ſchool of adverſity, where men beſt learn prudence, temperance, and fortitude. Now theſe I have much inclination to learn, but none to go into your ſchool. In ſhort, it was written in the book of fate, that you ſhould buy virtue at the price of affliction, and I ſhould have the benefit of it. And what is it that induces you to quarrel ſo bitterly with the race of man, oh ſeptuagenary of forty?"

"A long ſeries of diſtreſſing ſenſations."

"Of

"Of which you are ſo violently enamoured, that you will not change them for the agreeable tribe."

"Moſt willingly, Sir; but what ſhould change them? ſhall I no longer find ſelfiſh meanneſs, fraud, cunning, and ingratitude, amongſt men? Is there in ſo ſmall a time, ſo large an increaſe of moral virtues, with human kindneſs at their head?

"Excellent," ſays Sir George; "this is preciſely what I want, I love the world too well, eſpecially the fairer part of it. A gentleman of your miſanthropic turn will mitigate the violence of this paſſion. It is through magnifiers I look at the world and its pleaſures. You turn the glaſs the oppoſite way; who knows, but that by our mutual labours, we may at length conſtruct that catoptric inſtrument, at which divines and philoſophers have been labouring ſo long, and with ſo little ſucceſs—the glaſs of truth; and ſee things as they are."

"It

"It does not appear to me," ſays Mr. Lindſay, with a ſmile, "that you want a tutor."

"No," replies Sir George, "that is the want of my friends, not mine. Lord Auſchamp, my uncle, and Lady Mary Paradyne, my mother, are for ſending me the grand tour; and are looking out for me,—one, a guide, who has ſtudied politics under Sir Robert Filmer; the other, who has ſtudied manners under Lord Cheſterfield. I am ſeeking out too—for a gentleman, a ſcholar and a friend."

"A friend, Sir George? and is it in me you could expect to find one? In a cloſe unſociable contracted heart, ſhut to pleaſure, and unopening even to kindneſs."

"Oh," replies Sir George, "I could find plenty of friends with hearts open to profeſs, and hands open to receive, the common currency of coffee-houſes and taverns. I want friendſhip *a' la mode d' antiquite.* I know too it is not an act of volition, and I know the kind of merit I muſt have to obtain yours.

I requeſt permiſſion to try; conſent, Mr. Lindſay, to endure the world and me a year or two. Whatſoever be the reſult, you ſhall be ſo far benefited as to be no more expoſed to indigence. When you chuſe to retire, you ſhall retire with the means of comfort; or if (ſmiling) you prefer this ſplendid and happy manſion to every other, means may be found to reinſtate you in it."

"There are," replies Mr. Lindſay, "worſe priſons than this, with far different names. Compared with the Eſcurial and Verſailles, this is a little world of freedom."

Oh, you need not," ſays Sir George, "have croſſed the ſeas for a compariſon. I am not yet entered at St. James's."

The converſation did not end here. The gentlemen dined together, and before they parted, Mr. Lindſay conſented to Sir George's requeſt; in conſequence of which, the following day he was in poſſeſſion of his old lodgings, which happened fortunately to be unoccupied.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

SIR GEORGE, eager in the execution of a ſcheme, formed by the concurring powers of wiſdom and benevolence, propoſed Mr. Lindſay on the next day, to Lady Mary and Lord Auſchamp, relating at the ſame time the manner in which he became acquainted with him, and dwelling largely on his good ſenſe, his candour, and integrity. Lady Mary was paſſive; Lord Auſchamp deſired to ſee him: Although, ſays he, I am unable to comprehend how a jail can be a good ſeminary for tutors; and I, ſays Lady Mary, ſuppoſe the man may do very well to teach boys their letters;

letters; but really, Sir George, you have already too much college ruſt about you.

Lord Auſchamp received Mr. Lindſay with great politeneſs; and after the uſual civilities ſaid, "I have not the honour to know you, Mr. Lindſay: I have no doubt you may be extremely well qualified for the office of tutor, but I believe it is cuſtomary to inquire for certain credentials in ſuch caſes; and you are too much a gentleman to be offended with proper precautions."

"If it is character, my Lord," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "you wiſh to inveſtigate, I know not how to direct your inquiry; mine is ſo perfectly unknown, that I am afraid your lordſhip cannot be ſatisfied in that particular."

"My nephew has celebrated your candour, Sir—probably with juſtice."

Mr. Lindſay bowed.

"Sir George Paradyne, Mr. Lindſay, is a young man of vaſt fortune, and great political connexions. Betwixt the morals that befit a gentleman, and thoſe which are calculated for

for common life, I make no doubt you diſtinguiſh properly."

"I preſume your lordſhip means manners, not morals."

"Mr. Lindſay, I underſtand the Engliſh language tolerably well.—There is no neceſſity to ſuppoſe I mean any thing but what I ſay."

"I beg your lordſhip's pardon. There may be a commodious morality for the excluſive uſe of the rich and great; but I own myſelf unacquainted with it."

"You do not mean to recommend yourſelf by liberality of idea, I perceive; but let us paſs this. Sir George is going to make the grand tour. It is to be wiſhed he may return rather with an enlarged than a diminiſhed affection for his own country."

"As far as depends upon me, my lord, I ſhall be attentive to this; nor can the taſk be difficult. The ſuperiority of his own country, when compared with thoſe he viſits, will be ſo evident, that he muſt love it the more, the more he compares."

"In what, Mr. Lindſay," aſked Lord Auſchamp, "do you conceive this ſuperiority to conſiſt?"

"In good laws, my lord; by which perſonal liberty is as well ſecured, and private property as well guarded, as is conſiſtent with civil ſociety."

"Theſe bleſſings," ſays Lord Auſchamp, "we owe to the indulgent family upon the throne; to which I ſuppoſe you will think it juſt to inculcate a peculiar loyalty."

"I hope, my lord, I have the proper ſentiments of a ſubject to this illuſtrious family; to which all loyalty will be due ſo long as it continues the faithful guardian and executor of our laws. As to the civil bleſſings we enjoy, I humbly conceive we owe them to our own good ſenſe and manly exertions; nor do I know that liberty like ours ever flowed, with deſign at leaſt, from any throne on earth."

"Very well, Mr.—a—a—Mr. Lindſay," ſaid my lord, "I believe we need not extend

tend the converſation farther; I ſee you are perfectly qualified, and if it lies in my way to do you ſervice, depend upon me."

CHAP. IV.

I KNOW not how it is poſſible to carry politeneſs higher than it was carried by Lord Auſchamp. Unleſs he conceived himſelf directly offended by a want of a proper deference to his conſequence, he could ſeldom be brought to ſay a diſagreeable thing. So great a ſuperiority of courteſy have courtiers over the reſt of mankind.

Whilſt Mr. Lindſay was aſſuring Sir George, that Lord Auſchamp would oppoſe his ſchemes with reſpect to himſelf; and whilſt Sir George was wondering how Lindſay could draw ſuch a preſage from a diſcourſe which ſeemed to promiſe the contrary, Lady Mary received the following note:

"I have converſed with Lindſay, the perſon on whom Sir George was ſo laviſh in his encomiums. My opinion is, that he is, as your ladyſhip juſtly obſerved, very well to teach letters to boys, but by no means to introduce into the world the ſon of Lady Mary Paradyne, and the nephew of the Earl of Auſchamp."

It was kind in Lord Auſchamp to pay ſo polite an attention to Lady Mary's obſervations; and particularly ſo, becauſe he had not the higheſt opinion either of Lady Mary's wiſdom

wiſdom or temper. But politeneſs has many cauſes; one of theſe is money. Lady Mary had great power over her ſon. Sir George had great power of accommodation—at his banker's. And ſome cauſes had ariſen which rendered accommodation highly convenient to Lord Auſchamp.

There were but two people in the world who appeared to Lady Mary to be always right,—Lord Auſchamp and herſelf. The late Sir Jeffery indeed, had formerly conteſted the opinion in both its branches; but her ladyſhip ſupported it with equal firmneſs and intrepidity; and Sir Jeffery loving peace, had ſuffered it to paſs ſub ſilentio, ſo that Lady Mary had no apprehenſion ſhe ſhould ever more hear it controverted.

"Sir George," ſays ſhe, "my dear, your uncle, Lord Auſchamp, does not like Mr. Lindſay."

"But I do, madam," anſwered Sir George.

Lady Mary was ſtruck at once with the ſimplicity and grandeur of the reply.

"Eh, well," ſays ſhe, after the aſtoniſhment of a minute, "what am I to underſtand by this?"

"Mr. Lindſey, I preſume, is deſigned to be my tutor, not Lord Auſchamp's."

"And when, my pretty maſter, do boys chooſe their own tutors?"

"I am ſo near the age of diſcretion by law, that I think it ſcarce worth Lord Auſchamp's while to trouble himſelf about me."

"I wiſh, Sir George, you were at the age of diſcretion by nature."

"I think I am, madam."

"Young men are apt to make miſtakes upon that head."

"I allow it, madam. Granting then my deficiency, is it to Lord Auſchamp I am to apply for wiſdom?"

"Certainly, Sir; where can you apply better?"

"My father's will has directed me to my uncle James."

"The boor. Could it have directed you worſe?"

"I

"I own I think it might, madam."

"I wonder where?"

"Excuſe me, madam."

"What, Sir George—is it poſſible you can mean Lord Auſchamp?" (Sir George did not anſwer.) "Lord Auſchamp deſpiſed by his ſiſter's ſon!"

"Deſpiſed, madam! no certainly. I am ſenſible of the proper reſpect due to him, and mean to pay it."

"Let me tell you, Sir, he is conſidered as a man of the very firſt underſtanding about court."

"It may be ſo, madam. I have not the honour to know the court."

"But I ſuppoſe you know it is the place which all look up to for the higheſt degrees of underſtanding and politeneſs."

"Oh,—for politeneſs, madam; it is impoſſible now to look where it is not. An hundred years ſince, no doubt, the court got it up in a ſuperior manner; but the manufacture has been ſince ſo extended, that it is

now become a queſtion whether the fineſt fabric is at St. James's. As to the other article, it was always a queſtion."

"I don't like your Spitalfields wit; and admire your obſtinacy, and perſiſting in error. As to reaſoning with you, it is in vain—therefore I deſire, to oblige me, you will give up the deſign of taking Mr. Lindſay as a tutor."

"I obey, madam. I ſhall henceforth conſider him only as a friend."

"No—I inſiſt upon it you give up his acquaintance."

"I beg you will not think of it, madam; I am engaged to Mr. Lindſay by honour and inclination."

"I don't ſee what buſineſs you have to form acquaintances without my leave. I muſt have him given up. You take an early opportunity to let me know my authority is gone."

It was Lady Mary's cuſtom, when ſhe got into the ſtrain of declamation, to perſiſt in it a long time with great rapidity of utterance; and

and it was Sir George's to hear with reſpectful ſilence, and without reply. For the firſt time in his life, in the midſt of a long oration, which had become violent and rather abuſive, he roſe, and making his bow, departed.

Before he was dreſſed to go out, Lord Auſchamp called. Sir George, little diſpoſed for a lecture upon the ſame topic, heard Lord Auſchamp's remarks with more impatience; ſupported the character of Mr. Lindſay with a degree of warmth very well authorized by the occaſion, but by no means agreeable to the pride of his uncle. The language of anger ceaſes to be polite; and the imperial part of Lord Auſchamp's character took the aſcendant over the art of the courtier.

Sir George Paradyne had his pride alſo, too much to bear inſult or contempt from any man. He had diſcernment too, perhaps ſharpened by reſentment; and began to perceive more and more clearly, that Lord Auſchamp was not that prodigious luminary he wiſhed to be thought. It is not indeed al-

ways for the benefit of thoſe who ſhine—eſpecially in courts—to be too deeply appreciated.

CHAP. V.

OF this new-born ſpirit of Sir George, Lady Mary formed a prognoſtic, not favourable to the continuance of her authority; and Lord Auſchamp began to doubt whether he ſhould draw ſix new members to the court party next ſeſſions, by the influence of his nephew, or not. As far as politicians can be convinced they have acted wrong, Lord Auſchamp was ſo, in having forgot that diſſimulation was the firſt and greateſt quality of a great

great man; and having in conſequence, treated Sir George too much *en hauteur*.

"This ſeed of rebellion to paternal and *matruclian* authority, Lady Mary, ſays Lord Auſchamp, at their next conference, has been ſown by that Lindſay. The man has parts; ſo much the worſe. He will the more ſucceſsfully inculcate his pernicious opinions; opinions calculated to depreſs the true ſpirit of allegiance, and change a government one may call divine, into democratic anarchy."

"That is your lordſhip's province to judge of," anſwered Lady Mary. "Pray, how is the man with regard to elegance and addreſs."

"Oh," anſwered Lord Auſchamp, who inſtantly perceived he had not applied his diſcourſe to Lady Mary's ruling ideas, "intolerable, my dear; no man had ever leſs obligation to the graces. My fear is, leſt he ſhould inſpire Sir George with a notion that bon ton air is uſeleſs to a gentleman."

"My dear lord," ſays Lady Mary, "I never ſhall be able to endure him."

" I am confident your ladyſhip never will. One way or other they muſt be ſeparated. I will think of it. In the mean time, it may be proper that you ſhould take no notice of it to Sir George at preſent. The young man is irritable, and the too free laws of this country will ſupport him in diſobedience. We muſt be cautious. I muſt confeſs, too peremptory a tone loſt us America."

" So well know miniſters and miniſterial coadjutors the road of ſecret intelligence, that in three days Lord Auſchamp was provided with ſome reſpecting Mr. Lindſay, of immenſe importance as a dernier reſort. But as it is the faſhion—for all things have faſhion—not now to uſe force 'till influence fails, Lord Auſchamp prepared to try his influence once more, and putting on his aſpect of ceremony, began thus:

" I flatter myſelf, Sir George, I need not make uſe of many words to convince you that I have your intereſt ſincerely at heart, or that I have any motive for giving my advice but your own good. You are of an ancient family,

family, have large property, and may aſpire to the firſt honours of the ſtate. Your education, however, has not been correſpondent to your proſpects, and I fear, the defect is not to be amended by taking Mr. Lindſay as a tutor. I do not mean that Mr. Lindſay wants learning or good common ſenſe, but it is of the academic kind, and ſmells of the lamp. Of the world, I preſume to ſay, he is ignorant; nor have I much doubt, whatſoever gloſſes may have been uſed, but from this ignorance have ariſen his diſtreſſes; unleſs indeed one might ſuppoſe him to have been addicted to expenſive private vices. Nor is this an improbable ſuppoſition. I know mankind pretty well, and I always ſuſpect your men who make a ſhew of virtue; let this however be as it may, certainly Mr. Lindſay is not a proper perſon to be your tutor."

"So," anſwered Sir George; "ſo he ſays himſelf, and pleads his ignorance as your lordſhip does. My mother, Lady Mary, too, thinks he has had a bad dancing maſter. And indeed, except learning, probity, and a total

total abſence of vice, be qualifications for modern tutorage, which I am informed they are not, I know not how Mr. Lindſay can be recommended. But will your lordſhip permit me to aſk, where is the neceſſity for any tutor at all?"

"Really, Sir George," anſwered my lord, "you ought to ſpare my delicacy on this head."

"I thank your lordſhip. I had a tutor at Oxford; is it to continue me in the ſame line of ſtudy you wiſh to provide me a tutor now?"

"By no means. Upon academic ſcience you are now to engraft the ſcience of politics; a very important one to men of rank and fortune. Youthful minds are apt to run impetuouſly into maxims of liberty—I ſhould rather ſay licence. A man of experience may be uſeful, in ſhewing how to avoid the rocks on which ſo many young politicians wreck their frail barks, in teaching the genuine principles of government; and painting, in their true but abominable colours,

lours, the factious principles of the leaders of oppoſition."

"I hope, my lord, I may be able to build my own ſyſtem upon general hiſtory and the rights of man; not borrow it ready formed, and independent of my own underſtanding, from any teacher—from any advocate of deſpotiſm, or of licenſe."

"This is a pretty plauſible way of talking, Sir, and muſt procure you much admiration—from the ladies. But if you will prefer the crude notions of youth to the experience of age—be it ſo. It is not my occupation to read lectures on politics to ſtateſmen juſt ſprung up from the banks of the Cam or the Iſis; I have really no ſuch time to waſte. May I make Lady Mary happy, by letting her know you intend to pay her the compliment of conforming to her inclination reſpecting this god of your idolatry, this Mr. Lindſay, and that you will give up his acquaintance."

"His

"His tutorage, if your lordſhip pleaſes. You are too juſt to preſcribe to me in reſpect of friendſhip."

"Then I am to inform Lady Mary of your abſolute non-compliance."

"I ſhall be obliged to your lordſhip for permiſſion to inform Lady Mary myſelf. It is a very unfortunate circumſtance when mediation is neceſſary betwixt a mother and ſon. I have not any idea of this being the caſe between Lady Mary and me."

"This means then, that you determine to reject my advice and authority."

"I beg your lordſhip's pardon; it means no ſuch thing. I may often have occaſion to look up to your lordſhip's ſuperior wiſdom and experience. At preſent, I am under no perplexity; I have no advice to aſk, and know not how I could make your lordſhip's authority uſeful to me."

Although Sir George ſaid this with the moſt reſpectful air poſſible, there was ſomething in it which offended the dignity of Lord

Lord Auſchamp. All at once, his politeneſs was giving way.

"Sir George," ſays he, "you provoke me to ſay——" A ray of recollection came; he ſtopt. "You are a very ſtrange young man. However, if you do think you are fit to govern yourſelf——"

"I ſhall certainly think ſo, my lord, a few months hence, and I am endeavouring to accuſtom myſelf to the idea."

"Oh—nothing ſo eaſy."

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

IT is probable the policy of Lord Auſchamp would have induced him to drop an oppoſition, which muſt appear trifling to the reader; but ſome cauſes prevented it. In the firſt place, he had himſelf given Lady Mary an impreſſion much to Mr. Lindſay's diſadvantage; and impreſſions of diſlike were with Lady Mary indeliable. In the ſecond place, Sir George's borough intereſt was very large; he was a young man of promiſing talents; and it was of great importance to Lord Auſchamp, that Sir George ſhould enter the political career under his auſpices, and

and that he ſhould gain an aſcendency which it would not be eaſy for Sir George himſelf to break. Laſtly, he had learned that Mr. Lindſay was a writer of no ſmall abilities, and that he had exerciſed his pen, principally, though not conſtantly, on the ſide of oppoſition.

It was no undeſirable thing to have ſuch a man for a friend; and next to this was the not having him for an enemy. He conſidered the means he ought to purſue, and imagining condeſcenſion in ſo great a man as himſelf, might be a good pre-diſpoſing cauſe, he took the courteous method of calling upon him at his own lodgings.

"When I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you in South Audley-ſtreet, Mr. Lindſay," Lord Auſchamp began, "I was not perhaps in proper temper of mind to ſee all your merit, though I ſaw you had very much. I am ſorry for your misfortunes, and wiſh I might be the happy means of placing you out of their reach. I aſſure you, Sir, it would give me infinite pleaſure.

Your

Your talents are really too great to be loſt in the little occupation of a tutor. I do not ſee why one day you might not ſerve your country in ſome conſpicuous ſtation; but every thing has its beginning. What ſhould you think of an office under government, requiring attendance only a few hours a-day. I have ſuch an one in my eye, likely to fall in ſoon, about 200l. a year; too ſmall for your abilities, no doubt; but ſmall things lead to great."

Mr. Lindſay not offering to anſwer, Lord Auſchamp continued, "I own frankly to you, Mr. Lindſay, that I am not without ſome ſelf-conſideration in my deſire to ſerve you. In a good heart, gratitude is a predominant ſentiment I am informed you write ſometimes. Every man of ſenſe allows that the political pro and con, out of doors, is nothing but a play of words, merely to amuſe the public, and that it is of no conſideration which ſide a man takes, except ſo far as regards his own emolument. Now, I preſume, Mr. Lindſay, this is better ſecured on the

the ſide of adminiſtration than on that of oppoſition; what think you?"

"I dare ſay it is, my lord; and if I had nothing in view but my own emolument, I ſhould embrace your lordſhip's propoſals with pleaſure; and as your lordſhip obſerves, with gratitude. But it would be preſumption to trifle with your lordſhip. I cannot accept of bread with the condition annexed, of no longer daring to think for myſelf. I have been in that habit ſo long, that I ſhould find the labour of diveſting myſelf of it too difficult, and as I cannot hope that all the plans of adminiſtration merit the public thanks, I ſhould ſometimes be in danger of incurring the imputation of ingratitude, even for the exerciſe of that common right of man, the ſaying what he thinks. It is probable alſo I ſhould ſometimes incur it, for not doing that which no emolument ſhall ever perſuade me to do—ſay what I do not think."

Even that great ſchool of virtue, the court, had not taught Lord Auſchamp totally to

ſubdue a certain irraſcibility of temper, to which the pride of rank, and other pride, too frequently gave birth; nor could he forbear being piqued, that an argument which had converted ſo many patriots, ſhould in his hands fail of ſucceſs with a man ſo poor.

"I ſuppoſe, Sir," ſays Lord Auſchamp, "you depend upon the pliability of my nephew for ſomething greater than you think it is in my power to beſtow."

"I do not ſee," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "the neceſſity or the politeneſs of your lordſhip's ſuppoſition."

"Nor do I," ſays my lord, "ſee the neceſſity of politeneſs to a man, who I have reaſon to believe, is making his prey of the eaſy credulity of my own nephew."

"I muſt entreat the favour of your lordſhip to change this language; I have not learned to bear it."

"Learn then, Sir, not to deſerve it."

"My lord," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, with a riſing ſpirit, "I have been unfortunate, but never

never mean. What right have you acquired to inſult me?"

"If you call this inſult, Sir, I have acquired it, I think, by my rank, and my affinity to Sir George Paradyne."

"You oblige me to tell your lordſhip I regard not either. Whether you allow me the title of a gentleman or not, I will ſupport the character. If I could think it worth a boaſt, there is in the family whence I ſpring, blood as illuſtrious as your lordſhip's. Nor ſhall you or any man inſult me with impunity."

"Look up then," ſays his lordſhip, "to this illuſtrious blood for your protection; you will hear from me in a manner that will require it."

"In any manner your lordſhip pleaſes."

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

LADY MARY PARADYNE was the beſt of mothers; for ſhe doated upon this dear ſon ever ſince he became Sir George, and never omitted her daily precepts to him, to behave with dignity and grace. It muſt be owned they were wanted; for Sir George had yet only the politeneſs of good humour, of an obliging temper, and of unaffected eaſe. The more eſſential politeneſs of a dancing maſter he had ſtill to learn.

Lady Mary's affections went to the whole duties of a mother. It was not her fault, if he

he was not the moſt accompliſhed fine gentleman of his age. It was ſhe who regulated his taſte in dreſs, who ſuperintended the friſeur in the important decoration of his head, and who moſt willingly would have taken the trouble to regulate his amuſements and even his ſtudies.

Of theſe maternal cares, Sir George began to be weary; ſo much the more as they were accompanied with a diffuſive oratory; preceptive when Lady Mary was in good humour, vituperative when ſhe was not; and always unwilling to come to a cloſe. This ſmooth and orderly courſe of things was interrupted by Lord Auſchamp's communication of his laſt converſation with Mr. Lindſay. Lady Mary could not conceive that ſuch a man as he would dare to offend ſuch a man as Lord Auſchamp, unleſs encouraged, perhaps prompted, by Sir George, and aſſured of his ſupport. On the firſt hearing of it, ſhe was almoſt ſuffocated with paſſion; but as Sir George happened not to be in the way to receive it, it began to ſubſide, and at

laſt ſunk into a ſomething, known to the canaille by the name of the ſullens; but in the beau monde, which acknowledges nothing in common with roturiers, we muſt give it the appellation of a dignified anger. This agreeable ſwell of the boſom continued four days, in which time Lady Mary ſcarce honoured Sir George with a word, or even a look. Sir George, who knew the cauſe, but not the remedy, and who liked this mode of reproof, quite as well as the mode oratorical, permitted it quietly to take its courſe. It terminated towards the concluſion of a dinner, and in a manner quite unexpected. When the ſervants were withdrawn, Lady Mary took up her fourth glaſs of madeira, and looking at Sir George with uncommon tenderneſs, drank his health. This ceremony over, "You know," ſays ſhe, "how dearly I love you; you know I dote upon you to diſtraction." Sir George bowed. "You know you are the comfort of my life; my only comfort." Miſs Paradyne bowed. "Don't be ſilly Emilia," cries Lady Mary;

"I

"I do not mean domeſtic comfort; but Sir George is the only remaining ſupport of the honour and dignity of the Paradyne family; nay, there ſtands but one life betwixt him and my brother's earldom; if that drops, the dignity of his father's houſe will be loſt in the far ſuperior dignity and ſplendor of mine.

"To be ſure," continued Lady Mary, wiping her eyes when ſhe ſpoke of Sir Jeffery, "your father was conſidered of conſequence in the country—eſpecially after his marriage—he was an affectionate huſband, and would have been ſtill more ſo, but for that brute your uncle; I ſhall never ſurvive his loſs many years. It weighs too heavy upon me; eſpecially ſince I ſee my cares in forming you, Sir George, to dignity and honour, are thrown away. Oh, if children knew what they owed to parents,—eſpecially mothers! But what is filial gratitude in this age? and what is a mother but an old woman?"

Lady Mary was now got into her own peculiar ſtrain; in which, aided by the fifth

glaſs of madeira, ſhe might have kept rolling on, a little eternity, without interruption; for Sir George made it a point of duty to attend, or ſeem to attend, his mother's beneficent lectures. It is true, this was unuſually long, but he conſidered the four preceding days of ſilence, and armed himſelf with a dutiful degree of patience accordingly.

But in an inſtant, when Lady Mary was peculiarly emphatical, Sir George mechanically,—yes, certainly mechanically,—gave the wonted ſignal to chloe, who lay at her maſter's feet, and ſprung up to receive her uſual careſſes at his hand. Sir George was appriſed of his error, by the inſtantaneous ceſſation of Lady Mary's eloquence, and looking up at her, ſaw an increaſed inflammation upon her cheek, and her eyes ſparkling with new fire.

"Oh," ſays ſhe, after the angry pauſe of a minute, "oh that I was with my dear Sir Jeffery in his watry grave, where no undutiful children trouble!"

"Good

"Good heaven, madam!" ſays the aſtoniſhed Sir George, "am I ſo unhappy as to be the object of your preſent anger?"

"Yes," anſwered Lady Mary, "yes, you are; who is there elſe in this world that can give me any cauſe of grief? the very ſon who ought to give me comfort and conſolation in my hapleſs widowed ſtate, deſpiſes me, pays no attention to my advice, though all for his own good—and——"

"Dear madam," ſays Sir George, "why do you ſay this? ſure you have not the leaſt cauſe—my reſpect—"

"Yes—it's very reſpectful to be ſure, to interrupt me in the midſt of what I was ſaying, and with a flat contradiction. God help me! Oh! if mothers could but foreſee how their pains and tenderneſs would be rewarded, they would ſpare themſelves a world of anxiety. I ſuppoſe it was out of reſpect to me that you encouraged that Lindſay to affront Lord Auſchamp."

"May I take the liberty to ſay, madam, that Lord Auſchamp gave the offence."

" How could ſuch a fellow dare to take offence at the Earl of Auſchamp, and preſume to affront a peer of the realm? I have not patience."

" I incline to loſe my patience alſo, when I think of a peer of the realm forgetting himſelf ſo far as to affront his inferior."

" Who elſe ſhould they affront, pray? and what buſineſs have inferiors to be affronted?"

" Sure, madam, you would not confine all the ſenſibilities of life to the great."

" I hate to hear you talk. For any dignity of ſentiment, you might have been bred and born amongſt mechanics; but it does not ſignify talking, I will have you diſcharge that Lindſay."

" He is not my ſervant, madam."

" I don't care what he is; you ſhall give up his acquaintance."

" In this I am ſorry I cannot obey your ladyſhip. I cannot ſtoop to affront a gentleman becauſe he is poor."

" You

"You provoking monſter! Go—go—I cannot bear to ſee you." Sir George bowed and withdrew. "Stay," ſays Lady Mary, "you are mighty fond of this ſort of obedience. Stay, I ſay." But Sir George was not at preſent in the humour to hear.

CHAP. VIII.

LADY MARY gave herſelf and Sir George ſo little reſpite, that he now began to find his days paſs without enjoyment, and his nights without repoſe. Miſs Paradyne was alſo drooping under her mother's tyranny; but, like the brother whom ſhe loved, too dutiful to think of reſiſtance.

This Sir George could leſs bear than his own uſage, nor did he know a remedy, ſuch as he durſt adviſe, or Miſs Paradyne take. He determined, therefore, as the ſpring was now come, to take the advice of Mr. Lindſay, to put off his tour abroad till the end of his minority, and to employ the intervening ſummer, except as much of it as was neceſſary to become well acquainted with his eſtates, and to ſettle a plan of economy equally free from meanneſs and profuſion, in a tour of Great-Britain.

Sir George took leave of his ſiſter with tears, of Lady Mary by a reſpectful letter, and accompanied by Mr. Lindſay, with each a ſervant, ſet out on horſeback, and took the road to Dennington, in Suſſex, Sir George's principal country ſeat.

I beg the gentlemen minors of the preſent day will not ſuppoſe I mean Sir George Paradyne as a model of duty for them; I only deſire to make his apology. The reſpect he paid to Lady Mary Paradyne would hardly be paid to the queen of England, if her requeſts

requeſts took the air of authority; but Sir George was totally ignorant how ſlender are now the faſhionable ties of affinity.

One mile from Dennington lived Mr. James Paradyne, of whom I have ſpoke in the firſt chapter. Sir George ſurpriſed him by a viſit; for, "George," ſays he, "when you went with your mother to London, I gave you up for loſt. Lord Auſchamp, I knew, would want to enliſt you among the court puppies. Lady Mary among the danglers at the tail of the ladies, and the loungers at coffee-houſes. I ſhall be glad to hear of a good eſcape from both."

Of Lady Mary Sir George ſpoke with great caution, not to give her to his uncle for a ſubject of exultation. On Lord Auſchamp's account, he had not this delicacy, but gave Mr. Paradyne an exact relation of what had paſſed betwixt the noble peer, himſelf, and Mr. Lindſay.

No ſubject could have pleaſed him better. He ordered his horſe, to ride with Sir George to Dennington, on purpoſe to dine and make

an acquaintance with ſuch a ſpirited and honeſt fellow—a man after his own heart.

The plan concerted with Mr. Lindſay made the principal ſubject of the evening's converſation. Mr. Paradyne thought it good, ſo far as it drew Sir George away from the auſpices of Lord Auſchamp and Lady Mary. "But as to travelling, George, why, I think looking at other people's eſtates not ſo good as cultivating one's own. However, young men muſt do ſome fooliſh things; for how ſhould they do wiſe ones before they have learnt. And riding through France and Italy! why, I'm told you may ſit at home, and ſee every nook and corner of both; and how many ſtreets and churches there are, and how many miles from town to town. Then, why can't you ſtay at home and ſave your money? Look at me, George; I am fifty-eight next birth-day; I can riſe with the ſun and hunt him down,—ay, and afterwards drink 'down the moon,' my boy, as the ſong ſays, if I get among the right ſort. Never had the head-ache in my life. Good luck

luck too to keep out of matrimony. Never rack'd a tenant, George,—no occaſion;—never went to court."

"I never could underſtand, dear uncle," ſays Sir George, "whence proceeded your averſion to marriage. Did you ever meet with peculiar ill uſage from the fair ſex?"

"No, nothing peculiar George; jilted and robbed; common luck; it might have been worſe with a wife."

"A good wife, they ſay, is the greateſt bleſſing heaven can beſtow upon man here below."

"Too great for mortal man, George. *Rara avis.* Ever ſee one, George?"

Sir George anſwered this queſtion with a ſmile. Mr. Lindſay with a ſigh.

After a month's ſtay at Dennington, having made the neceſſary economical regulations in concord with Mr. Paradyne, having been fortified by him with excellent advice, and receiving from him a competent quantity of caſh and bank notes, our travellers ſet forward on their tour.

CHAP. IX.

SENTIMENTAL travellers ought to find matter fit to make books of at every inn. Landlords and landladies have been extremely facetious for twenty years laſt paſt; their daughters and chambermaids, patterns of chaſtity, ſenſibility, and refined love. Something worthy of notice, out of the abundant notes and journals I am favoured with, I hope to be able to extract—for I would pleaſe every body. My firſt ambition, however, is to make a ſelection agreeable to my fair readers, of whom I promiſe myſelf juſt twenty thouſand.

ſand. If I am happy enough to ſucceed in this laudable expectation, I ſhall think little of men, and leſs of critics.

Now the ſubject *moſt* agreeable to the fair is love; the ſecond in eſtimation, faſhion. Theſe propoſitions are demonſtrable. As to love—it will come when it will come. Faſhion *is* always, and occaſionally occupied the attention of our travellers. I hope I ſhall be able to draw ſomething from their remarks, to extend its influence, and enlarge the power of charming the fair ſex.

I find, by the peruſal of their papers, that it was the cuſtom of Sir George and Mr. Lindſay to ſpeculate along the king's highway, both with mental and bodily eyes, and to employ an hour of the evening in recording theſe ſpeculations, and the preſent ſtate of their own opinions. Sir George's I find rather characterized with inſtability; for all objects do not appear to the ſame eye, under the ſame angle, every time they are viewed, let mathematicians ſay what they will. Peace to the manes of the Diocleſians and Carol. Quints!

Quints! they were honeſt people, who ſaw at ſixty what fools, or knaves, perhaps, they had been at forty. But I appeal to my fair readers, whether amongſt their numerous acquaintance there may not be ſome, to whom at twenty a ball room was not the moſt animating of all objects; and at ſixty, a card table.

As Mr. Lindſay, though impriſonment and diſquiet had given him an older appearance, was only thirty, and Sir George twenty years and a half old, it might have been expected their ſentiments would generally have coincided. So they did, when they talked of Cicero and Demoſthenes, of Horace and Virgil; but when the ſubjects were human manners and improvements, there was as fine an oppoſition as ever gave birth to argument. According to Sir George, the preſent times were in all reſpects the beſt which England had ever known. Mr. Lindſay allowed them ſo, for the civilities and exterior courteſies of life; but contended

that

that what we had gained in the milder virtues, we had loſt in the manly ones.

One day they were obſerving a handſome houſe a little on the left of the road, beautifully ſituated, but all around it bore the marks of neglect. Sir George wiſhed to know whoſe it was, and aſked the queſtion of ſome workmen who were falling trees in the hedge row.

"It belongs to 'ſquire Garford," ſays one, "but he does not live here now; he's in Swee—Swee—ſome where a great way over ſea, where living is cheap; they ſain here that he's tied up."

The true meaning of the phraſe did not occur to Sir George: "Tied up," ſays he; "what, is he mad?"

"No, Sir," ſays the woodman, "his eſtate's out at nurſe."

"I underſtand you," ſays Sir George, "he lived beyond his income."

"He kept bad hours, Sir."

"Sure a man may keep bad hours, without running out his fortune."

"That's

"That's according to how he keeps them, I believe, Sir. 'Squire Garford married before he came of age, a very pretty young lady from Londonwards. Neither houſe nor ground was like what it is now; for the ground would have done you good to look at, it was in ſuch condition; but the houſe was old. Now the ground's old and the houſe new. Then you ſee a mort of obeliſks they call them, and temples up and down; and ſix hundred acres of prime land as crow e'er flew over, was turned into pleaſure ground. But this was not all, Sir; for he built a vaſt great place for a play-houſe; ſo they played plays, and 'Squire Garford treated every body as came to look at 'em. My ſiſter was one of the ſix chambermaids, and ſhe ſays, many's the time they have made up four ſcore beds and above, only for gueſts."

"His fortune was ſuppoſed to be large?" ſays Sir George.

"Aboon ten thouſand a-year, Sir, as they ſaid; but they lived ſo cruel comical, an it had been twenty, it would have been ſcant."

"Pray,

"Pray, how did they live?" aſked Sir George.

"Why, I'll tell you, Sir: About twelve o'clock they began to breakfaſt, and by two they had done all over the houſe, for mayhap they'd breakfaſt in twenty rooms. Then they went ſome to their airings, and ſome to their dreſſings; about four or five o'clock they had ſoups, and jellies, and what not; then behap, muſic, and at eight they ſat down to dinner."

"Very well," ſays Sir George, "ſoon after dinner I ſuppoſe they went to bed."

"No, Sir,—they went to cards all over the houſe, tag, rag, and bobtail, excepting play nights and ball nights. At two it was ſupper; and before ſix, they would have been aſleep from the garret to the cellar, only for the ſtable-boys getting up to their horſes."

Giving the men ſomething to drink, our travellers rode on in contemplative ſilence; only ſometimes Mr. Lindſay looked at Sir George with a ſort of ſmile. At length he ſaid,

ſaid, " And this is faſhion—faſhion in its leading principles, which diſdains order, and tramples upon common ſenſe. Are you prepared, Sir George, to be its advocate here ?"

" I am not," anſwered Sir George, " the advocate of diſorder, and hope I ſhall never be troubled with a vanity, which muſt be gratified at the expence of ruin. But Mr. Garford's caſe is ſingular and outrè, conſequently not faſhion."

" I ſhould rather call it faſhion at its apex," ſays Mr. Lindſay; " but this is only diſputing about a name. Is the mode of life, and conſequently the example, pernicious to ſociety? If not, I know no other cauſe why the natural liberty of man ſhould be reſtrained."

" Oh, yes," replies Sir George; " I can allow that if all the ſons and daughters of labour and induſtry were to live like Garford, it might rather diſarrange the order of ſociety."

" If

" If nature ever ſpeaks intelligibly to man, it is when ſhe ſays, night, not day, was deſigned for ſleep. It is when ſhe ſays to all animal exiſtence,—exceſs is diſorder. All but man underſtand and obey. In the body natural, in the body politic, in health, in economy, exceſs is diſorder."

" Oh," ſays Sir George, " a new edition of Horace's golden mean; which whoſoever does not believe and practiſe, is damned poetically and morally, to all eternity."

" That whoſoever deviates pretty much from the practice, will be puniſhed more or leſs, is indeed my creed; only it ſometimes happens, when a man finiſhes at once with eclat, his conſtitution, his fortune, and his life, and can no longer feel poverty, contempt, and the gout,—theſe deſcend as an inheritance to his children. He is only puniſhed in his generations. But in general, nature puniſhes pretty regularly the breach of this her golden rule; and ſociety ſuffers when it is deviated from too widely—even on the ſide of virtue."

" Faith,

"Faith, that's hard," anſwered Sir George; "but ſuppoſing we allow the expediency of this famous mean, ſo conſtantly recommended, and as you ſay, ſo little obſerved, who ſhall fix it? Every one for himſelf, or our gracious lord the king, or the philoſophers, or William Lindſay the cynic; he who would rob poor girls of their oſtrich plumes and bracelets, unleſs they could afford to pay for them; who arraigns the taſte even of thoſe who can, and calls them ſpoilers of beauty and apes of faſhion; ſuppoſe the dear creatures a little fantaſtical, is it not their deſtiny here below to endeavour to pleaſe men? and do they not fulfil their deſtiny?"

"Their endeavours are ill-directed; they apply all to their outſides; this does not pleaſe men."

"No—ſuch men as you perhaps; but they are always endeavouring: and who would not pardon a ſimple error of judgment in favour of ſuch amiable intentions?"

"Oh, any man—every man, if it could be found; but know you any individual in which ſuch

ſuch judgment reſides? If any one has pretenſions to elegance of her own, is it not ſacrificed at the ſhrine of faſhion? Is there any one who does not execrate (I do not mean that ladies ſwear) the tyranny which ſubjects them to incommodious and ugly habiliments? one who does not cry out upon the ſhocking—the abſurd of this new invented—ſomething, even on their way to the milliners, where they are haſtening, like racers to the goal, leſt the evaneſcent cap of folly ſhould be gone before they had worn it?"

"Poor Lindſay," replies Sir George, "theſe are the infallible ſymptoms of premature old age—why, ſplenetic moralizer—why would you circumſcribe the bounties of heaven? not a vanity, you know, is given in vain."

"Certainly, Sir George; a poet ſaid it, and poets are inſpired. I know alſo that this agreeable expanſion of the mind is ſo dear to the dear ſex—ſo much their own—makes ſo conſpicuous a part of their identity, that I ſhould think a woman more changed by the

loſs

loſs of it, than by the ravages of the ſmall pox."

"Inhuman ſatiriſt! be thy ſpleen thy puniſhment. For my part, I do not ſee what ſhould provoke the bile of a philoſopher, in the innocent luxury of dreſs."

"Innocent! Sir George;—true, in itſelf it is nothing: I arraign it only as the pander to thoſe numerous follies of which we complain, and with which we comply."

"Let us hear how you proſecute the indictment."

"You quoted a poet juſt now, and will not deny your own authority. 'Juſt as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.' Look now at the preſent generation of mothers; obſerve how early, by the means of dreſs, they ſow the ſeeds of vanity in their daughters minds. How plentifully they water theſe ſeeds! and keep them free of that unprofitable weed, once called modeſty, now better known by the name of awkwardneſs. Can you wonder at the ſtrength and duration of a plant ſo carefully cultivated? Now what follows this diſ-

diſſemination? Univerſal emulation in the moſt paltry of all vanities; univerſal contention and expence; nor does it ſtop at perſonal ornaments, it extends to every particle of inanimate matter, which cuſtom or convenience has introduced to the ſervice of the ladies; all things muſt be fine, all muſt be coſtly."

"Of the rich and great I am not now ſpeaking; taſte and expence are with them in their proper elements, whilſt they are contained within the limits of their fortune; their palaces, their gilded cielings, their luſtres, and their girandoles, encourage the arts and reward ingenuity. I ſtop not here to inquire whether this expence might not be better directed. My cenſure chiefly applies to the middle ranks. To how many thouſands of individuals do theſe vanities, purſued, prove deſtructive of tranquillity and ruinous to fortune. So parents give their offſpring a thouſand wants which nature never gave, and exhauſts the ſprings which ſhould be deſtined to their ſupply."

"Had

"Had you been a painter, Lindſay," ſays Sir George, "one may judge by this gloomy declamation, what would have been the genius of your pictures: the dark objects would have been illumined, the bright ones thrown into the ſhade; and at what are you railing? at that diffuſion of wealth through the whole body of a ſociety, which has humanized our manners, purified our religion,—has rendered the nation happy, ſtrong within, terrible without, and unbounded in its reſources; if you believe orthodox divines, and ſtateſmen in place. And may not a nation be truly ſaid to flouriſh, when ſcience is cultivated, the arts cheriſhed, and the accommodations of life abundant?"

"If," replied Mr. Lindſay, "the increaſe of printing preſſes, carvers, and gilders, be a proof of the increaſe of ſcience and of art, you are right. The accommodations of life, meaning, no doubt, down beds and coaches, looking-glaſſes and gauze,—are abundant—too abundant. Refinement is progreſſive; there is ſomewhere a degree of it, at which

if

if it would ſtop the happineſs of a whole people might be the greateſt poſſible, and the moſt permanent. This point, I doubt, we have reached,—and paſſed."

"Is it," aſked Sir George, "that you regret the elegant times of the Edwards and the Henries? Or at what period would you have ſtopped the progreſs?"

"Not at thoſe times, certainly. Perhaps I might have choſen the beginning of the eighteenth century;—before nabobs were—when wealth was more moderate, and more equal;—when coxcombry, now ſwelled into a deluge, entered the land in a gentle current, capable of being checked in its courſe by the pen of the poet and the moraliſt;—before the poor, that tolerably large proportion of the human race, forgot in all our diſquiſitions, political and moral, whom we deſpiſe, and to whom we owe our ſubſiſtence, and the gratification of our pride,—had learned, in an alehouſe, to imitate, at humble diſtance, the

luxury of the tavern;—before this imitation had tainted their——"

Mr. Lindſay did not ſee that they were now under the very ſign of the inn, where they had propoſed to dine; his horſe did; ſtopt, and broke the period. No matter. I hope there is not one of my fair readers will regret it, or pay any regard to ſuch cold blooded, prudential declaimers. Not one, who will not ſtill do what is right in the eye of faſhion. And with this hope I conclude the chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

THE Falcon, at Comber, where our travellers had ſtopped to dine, was a ſpacious, but quiet, unfaſtidious village inn, to which the cold and chilling elegance of more ſuperb houſes was unknown. It was beautifully ſituated on riſing ground; in front was a romantic valley, at the bottom of which was the village. It poſſeſſed a good bowling-green, and was a favourite houſe for juſtice meetings. The hoſteſs, Mrs. Bane, a widow, to a fine open good humoured countenance, added great perſonal gravity, perhaps equal

to 250lb. avoirdupois; and was beſides a very reputable and reſpected good woman.

Behind the houſe, the ground roſe gradually for the ſpace of half a mile; on the higheſt part was ſituated the church, an old and large ſtructure, in an ample church-yard, ſkirted by pines. Hither, after dinner, our travellers choſe to walk, and richly was the trouble repaid by the magnificence and grandeur of the views:

Towards the ſouth was a diſtant view of Iſle of Wight, and the channel; on the north-eaſt, Wincheſter; on the eaſt, Portſmouth; nearer, a fine view of Southampton. My fair geographers will perceive we are now in Hampſhire, not far from the new foreſt. The landſcape immediately ſurrounding was beautiful; the principal object was the once fine, but now rather neglected ſeat of Sir Simon Haubert. On the other ſide, a ſmall dry common, ſkirted round with houſes and cots.

Having admired theſe views to ſatiety, they returned to the Falcon, where, having in-

invited Mrs. Bane to make their tea, and declared their intention of remaining there till Monday, Sir George aſked her, if there was any thing in the neighbourhood worthy the particular attention of travellers.

Mrs. Bane anſwered, that many gentlemen took views from the church-yard; ſome went to ſee the late Sir Simon Haubert's; and now and then one called upon Mr. Holford the clergyman, who was a great floriſt, and a collector of medals; but what ſhe believed principally recommended him to notice, was ſome ſort of model he was taking of the country a mile or two round, after the manner of ſome gentleman abroad, who lived, ſhe thought, in Swiſſerland. No doubt, this was General Oaffer.

The introduction to Mr. Holford was very eaſy; the good man had a taſte for fame, and did not know a better road to it than his exhibitions. It is a charming advantage when we can gratify ourſelves, under the appearance of kindneſs and courteſy to others. Our travellers paid the viſit and the price, which

was nothing more than a few compliments to the obſequious entertainer. Once, indeed, Sir George was upon the point of quitting his politeneſs in favour of hiſtorical truth; Mr. Holford having in his medalic elucidation made a conſiderable anachroniſm. Mr. Lindſay ſaw its effects upon Sir George, and puſhed before him, with ſomething very agreeable to the reverend gentleman. Sir George thought flattery was never worſe applied.

In the garden part of the exhibition, Mrs. Holford was ſo obliging to add herſelf to the company; they ſoon found her value; it was ſufficient for Mr. Holford to give a hint; ſhe took care to purſue it; diſcourſed upon the variegated tints of nature; and as the garden commanded a proſpect, upon pictureſque beautè. Nor did ſhe miſs any kind opportunity to correct Mr. Holford's miſtakes. Her diffuſive powers had kept them an hour longer than the viſit was intended; and had began to afflict Sir George with an involuntary hiatus of the mouth; Mr. Lindſay ſaw this

this effect alſo, and thought proper to counter-act it by a ſtill greater profuſion of compliment than he had beſtowed upon Mr. Holford.

God had given to Mrs. Holford, and will, I hope, give it to every lady who deſires to fulfil all the duties of a wife, the agreeable and uſeful talent of quick penetration into her huſband's faults, and indeed into thoſe of moſt of her neighbours; and ſhe did not bury it in the earth. When Mr. Holford caſt the eyes of affection upon her, ſhe was an elderly maiden, and had been accuſtomed to amuſe her leiſure hours in writing novels. The ſeveral merits of the great miſtreſſes of this noble art ſhe perfectly knew; and from her pen may be expected one day, that great deſideratum in this moſt favoured production of the preſs, canons of criticiſm; for want of which, I muſt needs ſay, after Mrs. Holford herſelf, there is rather too much heterogeneity.

A ſervant maid came into the garden to ſay ſomething to her miſtreſs, who anſwered,

ſhew the ladies into the parlour. She was juſt then informing Mr. Holford, that if, according to her advice, he had managed his bed of auriculas ſo and ſo, the colours would have been deeper, and the ſilk more gloſſy. Mr. Holford anſwered, that he did not know that any body knew better than himſelf the management of theſe beauties of the garden. Mrs. Holford ſaid, that had it been ſo, it would have been acknowledged at the late floriſt's feaſt; from whence, if he would pleaſe to remember, he returned home typſey, from mere vexation, at having been honoured with no prize; for nature, ſhe ſaid, was uniform in all her works; and had the beſt methods been taken, there would have flowed the beſt reſults. The reply Mr. Holford was going to make, if it might be judged of from the caſt his brow had taken, would not have been the reply courteous; but a chariot at that inſtant driving by, followed by two footmen, put a ſtop to it, and Mrs. Holford ran to receive a lady who was in it alone.

Sir

Sir George was beginning to thank Mr. Holford for the great pleaſure he had given them, and to invite him to the Falcon, when Mrs. Holford ſent her compliments to the gentlemen, and hoped they would favour her with their company to tea. The gentlemen, accepting the invitation, were conducted to the parlour by Mr. Holford, who announced Miſs Haubert to the gentlemen, and theſe to the lady, by the names of Sir George Paradyne and Mr. Lindſay. Two other ladies were there, whom he noticed only by ſlight inclination of the head, for it did not amount to a bow.

One of theſe appeared by her dreſs to be a quaker; ſhe ſeemed about thirty, had a pretty face, and a pair of black eyes very intelligent, and denoting a certain archneſs: this was Miſs Carlill.

The other was in deep mourning, about twenty, apparently; a fine ſhape, blue eyes, expreſſive of peculiar ſweetneſs, but with that penſive and dejected caſt of countenance,

which long continued anxiety is wont to give; her name was Colerain.

The other lady, Miſs Haubert, appeared to approach her fiftieth year, was richly dreſt, with an aſpect not quite charming, and a ſhape not quite regular; but theſe were trifles, ſhe had 5000l. a-year, and was patroneſs of the living.

This lady began the converſation, by enquiring of Sir George if he had been lately in town. He anſwered in the affirmative, and expected a ſucceſſion of queſtions concerning the court, perhaps the theatres, or the faſhions. No, the next inquiry was, if the town was full of literati? Sir George replied, he was too young to have made a general acquaintance with theſe gentlemen.

"You have probably been at Oxford, Sir George, or Cambridge?"

"At Oxford, madam."

"I preſume the ſciences there are in a very flouriſhing ſtate?"

"I hope they are always ſo there, madam."

"Has

" Has any able metaphyſician ariſen, or is likely to ariſe, capable of confuting Mr. Hume's ſyſtem of univerſal non-exiſtence."

" Dr. Reid, madam."

" Oh, no ;—I have read him ; he does not go to the bottom."

" I have often admired, madam," ſays Mr. Holford, " that a lady of your profound ſcience, ſhould think any thing worth notice which comes from the pen of ſuch a man, ſo great an enemy to religion and piety."

" A man may be wrong in one thing and right in another, Mr. Holford," anſwered the lady. " Every man who wants religion, may not want knowledge."

" It is pity but he did," replied Mr. Holford.

" You are certainly right, madam," ſays Mrs. Holford. " Many of our moſt celebrated novels have characters tainted with infidelity, in other reſpects very learned and amiable. As Mr. Wolmar in Rouſſeau's Eloiſa, the elegant Sir Charles Seymour, in Cornelia Sedley, and many others."

" Very true, Mrs. Holford; I don't read many novels except yours; but I believe it is allowable to draw all ſorts of characters as they are, and ſince it does happen that there are ingenuous people infidels, to be ſure they may be drawn."

" I wiſh," ſays Mr. Holford, " they were all drawn upon hurdles to the ſtake."

Miſs Colerain abſolutely gave a little ſtart, and was upon the point of an exclamation, but corrected herſelf, and only ſaid with a ſmile, " No, Mr. Holford, I muſt beg leave to refuſe you credit on this head; your theory is cruel, your practice would be merciful."

" I have no mercy for the enemies of God," anſwered Mr. Holford.

" The lady," ſays Miſs Haubert, with a ſcornful toſs of her head, " chuſes to ſhew her ſenſibility."

" I hope," ſays Miſs Carlill, " if the occaſion was real, thou would'ſt ſhew thine."

Miſs Haubert replied with another toſs.

" Then

"Then you don't approve of zeal in the cauſe of God, Miſs Carlill?" aſked Mr. Holford.

"Yea,"—anſwered ſhe,—"if it is of the ſpirit."

"Oh, ma'm," replies Mr. Holford, "we cannot boaſt of ſo plentiful a communication with the ſpirit, as your people."

"Thy ſpirit ſeems not to be of our ſort; we perſecute no one."

"Nor would Mr. Holford, I am well convinced," ſays Miſs Colerain.

"Why not?" ſays Miſs Haubert; "very great and good men have thought it right to perſecute hereſy."

"They would have been better employed, perhaps, in praying for it," ſays Miſs Colerain.

"You may think ſo, madam," anſwered Miſs Haubert; "but without zeal what is religion?"

"We alſo approve zeal, Miſs Haubert, when it tends to improve our own faith; not when

when it condemns others," ſays Miſs Carlill.

" Ay," ſays Mr Holford, " this is the modern doctrine of toleration, by which all unity of chriſtianity is cut off from the face of the earth; and men are led aſtray by pretended ſpiritual guides, or permitted to wander without any."

" Thou knoweſt that in heaven there are many manſions; why ſhould there not be many roads?" ſays Miſs Carlill.

" There can be but one road, madam," anſwered Mr. Holford, " the road of truth."

" And few there be that find it," replied Miſs Carlill.

" It is becauſe they ſhut their eyes," ſays Mr. Holford, and harden their hearts, and God gives them up to their own perverſeneſs, and to all unquietneſs of mind. Here are the preſbyterians again, I am told, up in arms, about the repeal of the teſt act, that bulwark of the church and conſtitution. Had there

there been any underſtanding among them, they muſt have acknowledged the ſuperior force of our arguments."

"If the arguments of thy people," replied Miſs Carlill, "had been as ſtrong as their motives, the diſſenters muſt have found them irreſiſtible long ago."

"Blindneſs, wilful blindneſs," ſays Mr. Holford.

"Nay, now, friend Holford," replied Miſs Carlill, "thou muſt excuſe me; it is ſo important to ſee the truth, if they could, that I ſhould rather impute it to their not being able to find good occuliſts."

"They envy us," ſays Mr. Holford, "the very bread we eat, and would ſnatch it out of our mouths."

"I fancy," replies Miſs Carlill, "it will take them a great many pulls. Thy church is indeed built upon a rock, if it holds its faith with as firm a hand as its emoluments."

"Have we not a right to them?" aſked Mr. Holford.

"Yea,

"Yea, two rights," replied Miſs Carlill; "power and poſſeſſion: neither of theſe, have the diſſenters."

"I ſay," ſays the parſon, "the diſſenters have no rights whatever."

"They were born," anſwers Miſs Carlill, "with as many as other people. What is become of them?"

"They incapacitate themſelves, by maintaining religious tenets which government chuſes ſhould not be maintained."

"So," ſays Miſs Carlill, "it was in the time of Diocleſian. You know the law, ſaid the emperor; all chriſtians are to be hanged. But you need not incur the penalty; ye have nothing to do in order to avoid it, but return to Jupiter, the god of your fathers. Did Diocleſian reaſon well, thinkeſt thou?"

"How can you aſk ſuch a queſtion, madam?" ſays Mr. Holford.

"Nay,"—anſwered Miſs Carlill,—"I know not; if it were not that I thought the reaſoning of Diocleſian and thy people ſomething ſimilar."

"I

"I aſſure you, madam," ſays Mr. Holford, "you never were more miſtaken; and you impute motives to us which never entered our pure hearts. All we want is to bring the community into one faith, and thereby avoid the confuſion of ſects, and the nonſenſe of ſectaries."

"Thou need'ſt not tell me this. It is, they ſay, the diſtinguiſhing garb of the prieſthood. If a man, in matters of faith, incline to tolerate any nonſenſe but his own, he hath not on a wedding garment; he is not a true brother."

"You are ſmart, Miſs Carlill," ſays Mr. Holford, "but ſmartneſs is not argument. Let us come to the point. There muſt be a national religion. Grant that."

"I pray thee," Miſs Carlill aſked, "which is the national religion of America?"

"Pſhaw!" ſays the parſon, rather angrily; "they'll come to nothing for the want of it."

"When they do, the argument will be in thy favour," anſwered Miſs Carlill.

"But

" But if they flouriſh," ſays Mr. Holford, " they muſt have one; they muſt have a chief magiſtrate; one or many. This chief muſt have a religion; he muſt prefer his own, and the very preference will ſoon give a decided majority; and a national religion follows of courſe."

" I do not at preſent ſee the juſtneſs of thy premiſes, or of thy concluſion," anſwered the lady. " A Frenchman of great conſequence was once at Amſterdam, and being deſirous to ſee every thing, was attended by a burgomaſter, who noticed, as they paſſed along, many ſmall places of worſhip. This, ſays he, belongs to the anabaptiſts, very induſtrious people, and good ſubjects; this to the moravians, very diligent, quiet, good, orderly ſort of people; ſo he went on to twenty different ſects, giving each its due praiſe of induſtry and obedience to the laws. And, pray, Sir, ſays the Count, what religion are you of? " Me," anſwers the magiſtrate;—— " my lord, I am burgomaſter of Amſterdam." Doſt thou not think it a wiſe anſwer?"

" It

"It would not do in England," Mr. Holford ſaid. "The conſtitution was founded upon the inſeparable connexion of church and ſtate."

"Pray, of what nature may this connexion be? How may it differ from the general connexion betwixt crown and people?" aſked Miſs Carlill.

"In being more cloſe and intimate," anſwered Mr. Holford; "in mutual aſſiſtance, when aſſiſtance is wanted."

"I believe I underſtand thee," replied Miſs Carlill. "If the crown gets into a ſcrape, the clergy will kindly help it out. If the crown has ſomething to do the people don't like, the clergy is ready with its aid."

"What right have you to ſuppoſe this, madam?" aſked Mr. Holford.

"Why," replied Miſs Carlill, "when the crown is doing that which the people does approve, it will neceſſarily have its ſupport —the beſt of all ſupports, I think—ſurely, when it has the whole it cannot want a part."

"There

"There is no reaſoning," ſays Mr. Holford, "with people whoſe prejudices are ſo inveterate, they will hear nothing which contradicts them. To me, there is not a problem of Euclid, which is more clear, than that the teſt act, and ſubſcription to articles, are the bulwarks of the church; and that the church is the beſt bulwark of the ſtate."

"I have heard of that Euclid," replied Miſs Carlill; "pray thee, how came it to paſs that his problems were ſo clear, as to paſs almoſt into a proverb. Did he demonſtrate after thy manner?"

"That,—let me tell you, madam, is a very ignorant queſtion, and ſhews you do not diſtinguiſh betwixt mathematical and ſpeculative ſcience," ſays Miſs Haubert, with much dignity of aſpect.

"I own my ignorance," ſays Miſs Carlill, "ſtill addreſſing herſelf to Mr. Holford, without noticing the rudeneſs of Miſs Haubert—"wilt thou inſtruct me in the nature of thoſe articles thou haſt juſt mentioned."

"Mr.

Mr. Holford did not ſeem to reliſh the employment, and only ſaid, "Read, read, madam, and underſtand."

"Alas!" ſays Miſs Carlill, "I have read, and do not underſtand."

"You read, madam, with the prejudice of a ſectary."

"Poſſibly ſo. Conſidering, however, the very important part they were to act upon this ſtage of ours, one might have expected they would have exhibited the collected wiſdom of ages. At leaſt, one ſhould not have found them incomprehenſible."

"There is no neceſſity, madam," ſays Miſs Haubert, who never opened her lips to-day, but to expreſs ſcorn or diſlike;—"there is no neceſſity that your comprehenſion ſhould be the meaſure of other people's."

"I grant that," replies Miſs Carlill; "but do not many of thy communion, learned divines, nay, prelates, acknowledge the ſame difficulty? have the faculties of mankind degenerated?"

"No,

" No, madam," anſwered Mr. Holford; " God has given to man his wonted capacity; but how does he now apply it? In the luxuries and vanities of this world; and in oppoſing his own vain imaginations to the myſteries of faith."

" I ſhould imagine, my very good friends," ſays Miſs Colerain, " that you would become weary of an argument in which you conclude nothing; and perhaps in which nothing can be concluded. I apprehend ſpeculations of this kind do not poſſeſs abſolute, but relative truth only. Each party may be right, relative to the different views in which their objects are placed. What I ſhould moſt complain of is, the loſs of mutual benevolence and good will in the conflict. The occaſion may call for activity on both ſides, but ſurely need not generate animoſity. Why, is it not poſſible that contentions—for remote objects, at leaſt—ſhould be amicable?"

Sir George and Mr. Lindſay had been much amuſed with the dialogue, and had not once attempted to interrupt it by any obſervation

vation of their own. This placid ſpeech of Miſs Colerain, which denoted gentleneſs, at leaſt, now drew their regards more particularly upon her. Certainly it loſt nothing by coming from the lips of a beauty and a grace.

Miſs Haubert, as it was warm weather, fanned herſelf; indeed ſhe was never able to look upon Miſs Colerain, or ſee her looked on by man with complacence, without kindling a ſort of fire, which all the wind of Nova Zembla would have been inſufficient to cool. If ever I ſhould find myſelf at leiſure to relate the cauſe, my fair readers will allow its univerſal potency, and forgive Miſs Haubert —almoſt her rudeneſs.

A rudeneſs of an inferior degree was become almoſt a habit with Miſs Haubert, who indeed ſeldom ſaw any but flatterers about her, and was ſupported by a high ſenſe of her own greatneſs, and a higher ſtill of her intellectual attainments. But this habitual rudeneſs was become acrimony to Miſs Colerain, who ſeldom ſpoke but ſhe met with

contradiction from her, little ſhort of inſult; who, however, from the footſtool of humility, looked down upon the throne of greatneſs, and never condeſcended to honour her effuſions with the leaſt notice.

Not ſo the lively quaker:—Her friendſhip for Miſs Colerain was little ſhort of enthuſiaſm; ſhe was by education and habit, a free and moſt determined ſpeaker, and would not probably have borne in ſilence an inſult upon her friend, ſcarcely from a queen.

The tea equipage introduced, as uſual, tea-table converſation, and the remainder of the viſit paſſed without any remarkable production of malice The hour of departure came, and I believe Miſs Haubert would have gone away without any freſh inſtance of malevolence to Miſs Colerain, had not this lady, in reply to ſomething Sir George had ſaid, made this innocent reflection:—That indeed would be a valuable ſchool, which could teach with ſucceſs, the happy art of ſubduing the paſſions, when they tended to diſturb the peace of ſociety.

Whither

Whither Miſs Haubert ſaw any thing in this applicable to herſelf, or whether it was pure kindneſs to correct Miſs Colerain's error, I know not, but ſhe anſwered rather with too much *fierté*, that the paſſions were given us by God himſelf, that they were the gales of life, that ſhe did not ſee the neceſſity of ſubduing them, and if there was, they would never be conquered by formal ſpeeches, and a ſtudied diſplay of affectation of ſentiment.

" Thou art right there," ſays the animated quaker, " ſome of them are unconquerable things indeed; I have ſeen when they would not yield even to the eſtabliſhed laws of decorum and politeneſs."

" Oh,—as to that,"—ſays Miſs Haubert, making the application inſtantly to herſelf,—" I always uſe as much of both as I think neceſſary."

" It would not be amiſs then to rectify thy way of thinking. People of thy rank and fortune think them always neceſſary, eſpecially to thoſe whom they ſuppoſe their inferiors."

"I am not ſo complaiſant. I only pay when due."

"That is to ſay, when thou canſt find inferiors. I own then it will not often be required of thee."

"My dear Miſs Carlill," ſaid Miſs Colerain, "ceaſe this unavailing, this unprofitable exertion of ſpirit on my account. I am not angry at Miſs Haubert. When I was proſperous, ſhe was not my friend; I have nothing to aſk from her but common civilities of life, when we happen to meet, and it is moſt probable, (a tear ſtarting into her eyes) ſhe will never more be under this diſagreeable neceſſity."

A black ſervant was waiting to attend Miſs Colerain home. Miſs Haubert ſprung into her chariot with more than common alertneſs, and having obſerved that when people kept black ſervants, they ought to be able to pay them, bade the coachman drive on.

The black grinned, and muttered a few execrations; Miſs Carlill ſaid a prayer or two aloud, to the ſame purpoſe; and Miſs Colerain took her leave with a ſilent tear.

On

On their walk home, Sir George amuſed himſelf with remarks on the uncommon character of Miſs Haubert, and the very common one of Mr. and Mrs. Holford. He applauded the ſpirit of Miſs Carlill, and admired the dignified placidity of Miſs Colerain. From Mr. Lindſay he got nothing but aſſenting monoſyllables, and theſe oft' miſplaced. Sir George had often ſeen him grave; it was his general habit; but ſo grave, ſo diſtant, ſo almoſt ſad, he had never ſeen him before.

At ſupper, during which Mrs. Bane uſually waited, Sir George inquired if ſhe knew Miſs Colerain?

Mrs. Bane anſwered, ſhe knew her only by report, which ſpoke of her as a very good, but unfortunate young lady.

"Do you know a Miſs Carlill?" aſked Sir George.

"She is another unfortunate young woman," Mrs. Bane anſwered; "but is ſuppoſed to have more ſpirit than her friend. She almoſt ſupports her mother and herſelf by

peculiar needle-work, much ſeen and admired."

After ſupper, Sir George inquired of Mr. Lindſay if any thing had occurred that day which had given him pain. Mr. Lindſay owned he had been much hurt by the circumſtances which had deſervedly given Sir George much pleaſure. Miſs Colerain and Miſs Carlill were charming women. Two years ago he had loſt a wife who conſtituted his chief happineſs, whilſt they lived together. Miſs Carlill reſembled her in perſon. She ſeems to have reſembled Miſs Colerain in mind."

"Dear Lindſay," ſaid Sir George, "I have often wiſhed to know your hiſtory, but never choſe to aſk the relation, fearing ſome recollections might give you pain."

"You are welcome to the relation," Sir George, "but there is nothing in it, which can gratify curioſity, or reward attention. Tyrannic fathers, improvident ſons, and inſidious ſtepmothers, are to be ſeen every day."

Sir

Sir George ſtill expreſſing the ſame deſire, Mr. Lindſay proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

"I AM of a Scotch family; there are titles in it too, if titles were of value, when wealth, their moſt uſeful and brilliant appendage, was gone. My father, a younger brother, was bred for the kirk; ſome agreeableneſſes in converſation procured him the patronage of a Northumbrian gentleman, who offered him a living of value, which my father accepted, and then ſaw very little difference betwixt the

Engliſh and Scotch church, which could divide ſenſible people. My father, who had ſome patrimony of his own, married a lady with a genteel fortune; I was the only iſſue; ſhe died in the twentieth year of her married ſtate, whilſt I was at Cambridge, for I was deſigned for the church. This loſs was fatal to me: In one year my father married a widow, a Mrs. Robarts, whoſe principal wealth lay in three unportioned daughters, the eldeſt of whom approached the marriageable ſtate.

At the next vacation I came home to pay my new duty, and rejoice in my father's felicity, but I came with the full remembrance of my mother in my head and heart, and performed my new taſk but ill; next morning my father ſent for me into his ſtudy, and accoſted me in this manner:

"So, Sir,—like other dutiful children of the preſent day, I ſee you have ſat in judgment upon a father's actions, and condemned them; dead to all ſenſations of a parent's happineſs, their deſires and affections are fixed upon

upon poſſeſſions and inheritances, upon the joyful hour that gives a father to the grave."

"This, Sir George, is a ſpecimen of my father's manner; it had always inſpired me with awe, and now with terror. I made haſte to pay my humbleſt ſubmiſſion, for ſubmiſſion was the only road to my father's affection: He forgave me on proper conditions.

"In reality, as ſoon as I could forget the dear woman whom I had been accuſtomed to ſee miſtreſs of my father's houſe, I did not find my ſituation diſagreeable. My new mother was all graciouſneſs,—Miſs Robarts all ſoftneſs, the girls playful and good-humoured.

"It was not till toward the middle of the third vacation, that I began to make certain reflections. Such is the condition of human life, that without certain reflections, man is an idiot; with them, too often a wretch. My father was dictatorial, my mother the bending reed: It was her peculiar happineſs conſtantly to receive inſtruction from the mouth of wiſdom, and to be led into the paths of ſcience by the moſt enlightened man of this

age; this was the tenor of her language to my father; and ſhe had ſo many various and agreeable modes of ſpeaking it, that he thought her a prodigy of penetration; and believing that mere worldly concerns were indeed beneath the care of ſuch a man, he conſigned theſe over totally to my mother, who, though with infinite reluctance, condeſcended to eaſe him of the burthen.

Mrs. Lindſay had this charming politeneſs in ſuch abundance, that it flowed over even upon me; of all men ſhe ever knew, I had the ſweeteſt temper;—yes,—I had quite the manners of a gentleman. Me!—the manners of a gentleman. Mrs. Lindſay, however, did not run into this abſurdity before company. When my father was preſent, ſhe praiſed no one but himſelf.

"Miſs Robarts was very engaging alſo, though not quite in the ſame way. A Cambridge ſcholar has, I ſhould think, no right to give the ton to female elegance, yet Miſs Robarts always found my taſte ſo juſt, that ſhe found no difficulty in conforming to it.

it. Once I ſaid, I thought it a ſingular fancy, that nature having allotted at a medium, about two hundred cubic inches for a lady's head, ſhe ſhould want an envelope of two thouſand to put it in. Miſs Robarts's caps were very ſoon contracted in all their dimenſions. All at once, as if it had fallen from heaven upon them for their ſins—if ladies can ſin,—an ugly protuberence lodged itſelf upon the hips of the dear ſex. On this occaſion, I happened to ſay, I acquitted ladies of being fond and vain of their own perſons. It was evident they were fond of any diſtortion which made them moſt unlike themſelves. Miſs Robarts's protuberance vaniſhed.

" This was a delicate flattery, and muſt have its effect upon the vanity of a raw lad, who had never yet *ſeen*—women. I really liked her company, and was often favoured with it in an alcove of our garden, which ſhe herſelf had adorned. Our employment there was reading, converſing, and angling for ſmall fiſh in a little ſtream which ran on the outſide. In any liberty, decent or indecent, which de-

noted a difference of ſex, I never indulged, for I did not love; that paſſion I was deſtined to feel for Miſs Robarts.

One evening, when the ſun was ſet, and left a beautiful gloom upon the objects it had ceaſed to illumine, I ſtrolled, on my return from a walk, down to this favourite alcove, and there found Miſs Robarts—weeping. Except in haram's and opera-houſes, I know not where is to be found any thing in ſhape of man, inſenſible to beauty in tears. I ſat down by her, and aſked the cauſe of her affliction; ſhe wept the faſter; I talked of my regard to her; and how happy it would make me to be the means of diminiſhing her affliction; ſhe grew by degrees more compoſed, and began to endeavour to ſpeak; I took her hand, looked at her with all the ſoftneſs to which I could compoſe my features, and aſked, "Will you not confide the cauſe of your grief to me?" She anſwered quick and earneſtly, "Oh no—indeed—never."

"Why

"Why not? did I ſay—be aſſured, Miſs Robarts, I ſhall always take a brother's intereſt in what concerns you."

"A brother's!" anſwered ſhe, with great quickneſs, at the ſame time withdrawing her hand, and applying her handkerchief to her face, as I thought, to hide a bluſh; there was ſomething in it which ſtruck me—I wanted to think—but this was neither the time nor place. I took her hand again, by a ſort of involuntary motion; I had indeed no inclination to preſs it, but it remained ſo acquieſcent, I could as little think of giving it its diſmiſſion. At this inſtant the younger ladies came running to the alcove, to inform us ſupper was ready. We roſe to walk, ſtill the hand was not withdrawn. My father and mother were at the parlour window, and ſaw this awkward piece of gallantry. I afterwards learned, ſhe drew him thither on our diſtant appearance, obſerving what a charming thing was family concord.

"Horace has ſaid that women have wiles; and Juvenal, that they have wickedneſs. In

my commerce with Greek, Latin, and Engliſh, I had found the *feminas caveto* ſo frequently inculcated, that I was not perfectly clear, that ſome of the dear ſex might not formerly have given cauſe for the caution. This *feminas caveto* occupied me a part of the night. I was not quite fool enough to be the dupe of art without ſuſpicion, nor wiſe enough to comprehend clearly upon what to ground it.

" The following morning, after we had breakfaſted in great good humour, my father ſent for me to his ſtudy, and with much ſolemnity began to read me a lecture upon the ſacred duties, and the ſacred inſtitution of marriage. If my reſpect had not kept me ſilent, aſtoniſhment would; and my father, uninterrupted, ſaid all he thought proper to ſay. The cloſing periods came at laſt, and brought with them a moſt luminous elucidation of the dark parts of his diſcourſe:

" Since it has ſo happened, ſon William, that you have placed your virtuous affections upon Miſs Robarts, and ſhe her's upon you,

I believe it is God's doing, to perpetuate concord in a family of love. Moſt fathers would have choſe more wealthy daughter's-in-law; but what are riches? Solomon choſe wiſdom. I am deſirous to make you happy; and Miſs Robarts being a perfect copy of her excellent mother, you cannot fail of being ſo with her. You muſt go back to Cambridge, and when you have got into orders, come to me, and I will give you felicity; I will give you the beſt of wives, and a good living, of which I have juſt bought the advowſon, and the incumbent is in the laſt ſtage of a dropſy."

"I never was eloquent, and eſpecially in my father's preſence. It was quite neceſſary to ſpeak, however, and to thank him for his paternal love; this I did as well as I was able, and added a few faltering ſentences, calculated to inform him of his error.

"Long accuſtomed to conſider his opinion, and even his ideas, as infallible, my father was ſome time before he underſtood me; when he did, he became angry, accuſed me

of

of deceit, and finally ſummoned Mrs. Lindſay, to whom he gave this new information.

"It was one of Mrs. Lindſay's virtues not to ſuffer herſelf to be betrayed into anger; ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſorry, exceſſively ſorry, for the miſtake; any one might have fallen into it, who ſaw the engaging manner in which Mr. William had behaved to Miſs Robarts. She did not ſo well know how to excuſe her daughter, who certainly ought to have had deciſive proofs before ſhe ſuffered her affections to be engaged.

"He has deceived her," cried my enraged father; "he has deceived her."

"No—father—no—" I anſwered.

"You are ready at contradiction, Sir," ſays he, "but will not find me ſo eaſily deluded as a young girl. Send for her, my dear Mrs. Lindſay; let us hear the truth from her own mouth."

"It is my duty, Sir, as it is my inclination, to obey you in all things," my mother anſwered; "but I hope you will ſpare my daughter the bluſhes ſuch an examination muſt raiſe;

raiſe; her modeſty, Sir, you know, her modeſty is exceſſive. Permit me to interrogate her, Sir, unleſs you chuſe to let this unhappy affair ſink into oblivion."

"Manage it as you pleaſe, my dear Mrs. Lindſay, but I inſiſt upon knowing if deceit has been uſed; I cannot pardon deceit."

Mrs. Lindſay withdrew with a curteſy, a ceremony ſhe uſually obſerved when ſhe left my father's preſence; as to me, I was diſmiſſed with a menace, and retired wondering to my own apartment.

"I had not enjoyed the ſolid comforts of reflecting upon a father's kindneſs more than twenty minutes, when I heard a buſtle below. I opened the door. Heavens, what an alarm! Miſs Robarts is dead—Miſs Robarts is dying—my ſiſter is fallen into a ſwoon; and my mamma is going to fall into a ſwoon too. Lord have mercy! what will become of us all.

"I could not help running down to aſſiſt at the obſequies, and met my father at the door of Miſs Robarts's apartment. This young

young lady was not dead; ſhe muſt have ſwooned indeed, for her mother ſaid ſo; at preſent there was only a diſpoſition to ſhed tears, which on my father's entrance, flowed profuſely. Theſe did not tend to quench my father's anger; (but even in anger he could be pathetic) and he concluded a bitter philippic againſt me, with a ſort of an addreſs to heaven: "Why,—O why!"—ſays he, "am I puniſhed with an obdurate wretch, whoſe heart is hardened, and whoſe eyes are blind to ſo much merit and ſoftneſs!"

"In reality my father was miſtaken here; thoſe eyes began to ſee but too clearly.

"Miſs Robarts, as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, ſpoke in extenuation of my culpability.—"Love," ſhe ſaid, "was involuntary. It was more her misfortune than my fault. She muſt own, indeed, that the many agreeable and flattering things Mr. William had ſaid to her, did ſeem to indicate affection; ſhe feared ſhe had miſinterpreted; gentlemen, now a days, ſhe was informed, took great liberties of language with young women."

"I

"I ſee it all,"—ſays my angry father,—"I ſee it all; he is undone, corrupted, and ſunk into perdition, by the vile manners of the age. Go, Sir,—go back to college—and think of your tranſgreſſions. But preſume not to take holy orders, contaminated as you are with fraud and perfidy.—Go."

"I entreated to be heard; my father would not hear; and my mother, with great gentleneſs, entreated me to retire for the preſent—"Till, (ſays ſhe in a whiſper) your father's anger is abated; that ſhall be my buſineſs."

"I waited for this abatement till the next day, but received only a poſitive order to go back to Cambridge, for that whilſt I ſtayed he ſhould be confined to his ſtudy, not being able to endure to ſee me. So this houſe of concord fell all into diſorder. I left it as ſoon as poſſible, not with an humble mind, but proud, angry, and I fear, a little vindictive.

Into this ſtate of mind I was brought, by a ſenſe of my father's ill uſage, and Mrs. Lindſay's

Lindſay's art; but from ſubmiſſion and repentance, my father's injunctions, I was withheld by love. One mile from Cambridge lived a Miſs Johnſon, elegant, penny-leſs, and devoted to anxiety. Family misfortunes had reduced her to the neceſſity of living a dependent upon a peeviſh aunt, and ſubmitting to the inſults of half a dozen couſins. I had the good fortune to relieve her from the impertinence of a young, rich, licentious ſcholar, and ſhe thanked me for it—with all her heart. I loved her with all the honour, all the ardour of ingenuous youth, and waited only an eſtabliſhment to make her my own for life.

"This dear girl I went to ſee on my arrival at Cambridge, and found her in a worſe ſituation than my own. A diſagreeable man had been offered her for a huſband; ſhe had refuſed, and in conſequence had received a peremptory diſmiſſion, only that the exceſſive goodneſs of her aunt, had permitted her to ſtay one month, that ſhe might have time to ſeek out a place.

"I

"I wrote to my father with great reſpect, but my mind was too high ſet to permit me to uſe thoſe humiliating terms, which alone could procure my pardon. I was even fooliſh enough to hint ſomething about women and wiles, and *pour le comble*, as the French ſay, I declared my ſituation with regard to Miſs Johnſon.

"My father was too indignant to return me an anſwer; it came from Mrs. Lindſay's pen; and it ſaid, how ſhe had endeavoured, and would continue her endeavours to aſſuage my father's anger. At preſent he was more enraged than ever, and had commanded her to tell me——ſhe could not write the harſh ſentence——he refuſed me any remittance whatever, till I returned to my duty, and baniſhed me his houſe and preſence. She was afraid I might be diſtreſſed for want of money, and therefore, unknown to him, had incloſed a 20l. bank note.

"My firſt impulſes were to return this note, and reject her friendſhip; but Miſs Johnſon——ſhe indeed declared it better that ſhe

ſhe ſhould go out to ſervice, or any thing, than that I ſhould confirm my father in his diſpleaſure. I reaſoned differently, and as men in love generally do reaſon. As long, ſays I, as Miſs Robarts and I remain ſingle, Mrs. Lindſay will ſuppoſe we may be married. The moſt prudent ſtep will be to end the controverſy by my marriage. My father will be angry for a time, but the anger of parents ſoon ceaſes when children are ſubmiſſive; certainly he will not carry it beyond the grave. I ſhall be in orders ſoon. The wants of nature are eaſily ſupplied; let us not diſtruſt providence. We ſhall have acted virtuouſly, and virtue is her own reward.

" Upon the ſtrength of theſe ſelf-evident axioms, Miſs Johnſon——for ſhe too was in love——was perſuaded to do that which ſhe wiſhed, rather than that which ſhe thought prudent——and we were married.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

"OUR good aunt," continued Mr. Lindſay, "very much approved the match, and even promoted it, when ſhe knew I lay under my father's diſpleaſure; but when, in conſequence of my firſt letter after marriage, my father wrote to the provoſt of our college, only that he had renounced and diſinherited me, it made a great alteration in her manner of thinking. She then ſaid I was a knave, and her niece a fool, and that ſhe waſhed her hands of both of us.

"In

" In effect, not being able to ſtay at Cambridge, conſequently looſing the power of getting into orders, I was obliged to have recourſe to my pen for a livelihood. I began, as young authors uſually do, with newſpapers and magazines. I grew by degrees more confident, became a politician, an eſſayiſt, and even a poet. I laboured; Mrs. Lindſay was economical; we had two pretty children; loved each other; and were happy.

" Our firſt diſtreſs aroſe from a long illneſs of my wife; it exhauſted our ſavings, and enervated my pen. We began to want neceſſaries, and conſequently to acquire humility. I wrote to my father; he was ſtill inexorable; Mrs. Lindſay was ſo good as to inform me of it with her own pen: She ſaid ſhe was exceſſively ſorry for my diſtreſſes, and lamented my father's inflexibility. Had ſhe had any power over him, things ſhould not be ſo. Out of her own and daughter's ſavings, ſhe had ſcraped together 50l. this ſhe ſent me, requiring my note in return; for the time might come, ſhe ſaid, and God knew how

how ſoon, when I might abound in wealth, and ſhe be under the neceſſity of making a claim upon me.

" It was not a time for conſideration or delicacy. Nay, I was ſometimes grateful enough to think that I might have miſinterpreted, or judged Mrs. Lindſay too ſeverely, and that ſhe might have a good heart. So I wrote her a letter of thanks, incloſing my note.

" The two following years I lived like moſt other men; ſometimes with tolerable happineſs,—ſometimes with intolerable miſery. The latter aroſe from my wife's declining health. At the end of this time I was ſummoned to my father's funeral, without having heard of his illneſs, though it had been of long continuance.

" I found my mother-in-law overwhelmed with grief; and I ſaid, I know not what unmeaning things, by way of conſolation. I inquired after the young ladies, and was anſwered, they had been ſent to the houſe of a friend, a few days,—God knows, Mr. Lindſay, ſaid ſhe, whether ever to return; for I am ignorant,

ignorant, totally ignorant, whether any proviſion be made for me, except the ſlender pittance ſettled at my marriage. I beg, Mr. Lindſay, you will make perfectly free with every thing in the houſe. Indeed I believe every thing is yours; and have the goodneſs to excuſe me. So ſaying, ſhe retired to her apartment.

"My father's funeral had been over ſeveral days; for the diſtance from London was too great to wait for me; ſo the attorney being ſent for, and a neighbour or two, we proceeded to our only buſineſs, the promulgation of the will. It was ſhort, but expreſſive. All his poſſeſſions whatſoever and whereſoever, he bequeathed to his dear wife; except ——according to the old, but unneceſſary form of diſinheriſon——one ſhilling to me.

"My wiſhes to procure my Charlotte that change of ſituation, and theſe other reliefs which her diſorder required, had made me indulge ſome hope during my journey, and the expreſſion of my mother's fears had increaſed it. My diſappointment was almoſt too

ſtrong to bear. I had however the reſolution to ſuppreſs complaint, and to ſhew no ſtriking marks of diſcontent.

"Mrs. Lindſay was not preſent at the opening of the will; it would have been too much for her feeble ſpirits; ſo ſhe requeſted the attorney to inform her of the melancholy contents. When ſhe had received this information, ſhe ſent down by the ſame gentleman a polite meſſage, to excuſe her coming down, but requeſting that I would conſider *her* houſe as my own.

"*Her* houſe! The expreſſion mortified me; but it was not my intereſt, nor indeed my inclination, to ſhew her any diſreſpect; ſo I ſpent that night alone, amuſing myſelf with reflecting upon the evils brought into the world by unrelenting fathers, and inſidious ſtep-mothers; I might have added improvident ſons, but I do not remember that they made any part of my meditation.

"The next day I expected to be favoured with Mrs. Lindſay's company; but ſhe was ill—exceeding ill;—her loſs was more than

ſhe could bear; ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould not be able to leave her room many days; hoped I was accommodated to my liking, and that I ſhould ſtay as long as was convenient and agreeable to myſelf.

"This meſſage I interpreted into a civil deſire that I would leave her houſe as ſoon as I could. I obeyed. In a note I thanked my mother for her kind invitation; but ſaid, that as I had now nothing left, not even hope, I was under the neceſſity of employing my time and talents, ſuch as they were, for the ſupport of my family. She wiſhed me a good journey.

"I mentioned that I had two children; one had died a year before, and had rendered the other doubly dear. It was a ſweet little girl, a moſt beautiful picture of health, innocence, and her mother. Entering my own houſe, I found this little darling dead upon the bed, my wife in ſtrong convulſions, and the terrified maid ſcreaming for help, which, however, nobody brought.

"Upon

"Upon this ſcene I cannot dwell, for I am no painter of agony. My Charlotte recovered, only to preſent me with the ſtill more diſtreſſing ſcene of death daily expected. All the vigour of my mind was gone; I thought not of living, and ſuffered poverty to approach me unregarded. It came too ſoon. Of the full tide of affluence, which flowed in upon my mother-in-law, from my ruin, I had conſtantly expected to be a ſmall partaker; not from her benevolence,—I knew her too well,—but from a woman who might be deſirous to ſave appearances, and ſtand well in the opinion of the little world around her. Still nothing came. As I grew more diſtreſſed, I became more humble. It was from her alone I had a right to expect relief; and I wrote, juſt to announce my exiſtence and my neceſſity.

"Of this ſhe took no notice. A month after I thought myſelf under the neceſſity of making a ſtronger application. Still I wrote with dignity, and indeed ſtated matters rather too diſtinctly; but inſtead of appealing to

her generosity, her candour, and her good nature, I made the appeal to her gratitude and her equity. She answered me as follows:

" *Sir*,

" Since my late most respectable husband, the wisest and best of men, thought proper to punish filial disobedience, it becomes not me to act contrary to his will and intention, which you appear to expect I ought to do, but which my conscience and reverence for the dear deceased, tell me I ought not. How could I answer making that use of his bounty, which I must know was directly contrary to his pious design; for he had still left so much paternal regard, as to wish you might have all your punishment in this world. So wishing you well, I remain your humble servant,

MARY LINDSAY."

" When

"When I received this anſwer, I had juſt paid the laſt rites to my dear Charlotte. I would not now even have accepted her kindneſs, ſince it would benefit myſelf alone. I felt the inſulting hypocriſy of her letter; I determined to ſting her malignant ſoul,—and if I may judge by the event, I did it moſt effectually.

"This event was an arreſt for the debt I owed her; I was conducted to priſon; I would have it ſo; I felt an indignant ſatisfaction in it. What, ſays I, is a jail? A gloomy houſe. I love a gloomy houſe; beſides, every honeſt man ought to be confined, for he has choſen an unſkilful pilot, who knows to ſteer into no harbour, but of poverty and contempt. This was bad ſatire, no doubt, and falſe reaſoning; but a man ſo ſituated is ſeldom placid enough to reaſon well.

"So, Sir George, ends my hiſtory, in which I believe the principal virtue I diſplayed was pride."

"And the principal virtue you did not diſplay," anſwered Sir George, "was cun-

ning. To be begotten by a tyrant, ſupplanted by a ſtep-mother, to loſe a fortune—theſe, as you obſerve, are common enough—but it is not ſo common to ſupport integrity untainted, and an independent ſpirit—the pride and boaſt of man. My dear Lindſay, (continued Sir George, and preſſing his hand with an emotion of tenderneſs) I love you for your pride—I love you for your misfortunes,—and I have an additional reaſon to wiſh to be a man by law—to relieve the mind of my long ſuffering friend from a dependence he is ſo ill calculated to bear."

Mr. Lindſay returned Sir George's preſſure with ſilent gratitude.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

SIR GEORGE could not reflect with ſatisfaction, on leaving Combor, without ſeeing again the fair quaker, and more eſpecially Miſs Colerain; but the introduction was difficult; he walked out, however, next morning with Mr. Lindſay, and paſſed a beautiful white houſe on the edge of a common, where they ſaw nobody; this was the habitation of Miſs Colerain, and ſeemed a paradiſe in miniature. A quarter of a mile farther ſtood a neat ſmall brick houſe, where Miſs Carlill lived with her mother; they paſſed it, and ſaw the young lady at work in the

parlour; ſhe came out to look after them; they touched their hats and returned to enquire how ſhe did, and received an invitation to walk in. Miſs Carlill was at work upon a landſcape in needle-work. Not having ſeen any thing like it before, Sir George was really ſurpriſed to ſee likeneſſes ſo effected, and paid her the proper compliments. One imitation was of a countryman in a cottage garden, ſuſpending the labours of his ſpade, to look with the delighted eye of a father, upon a little ragged chubby faced boy, defending its bread and butter from a tame magpye.

It occurred to Sir George, what Mrs. Bane had ſaid, that Miſs Carlill was ſuppoſed almoſt to ſupport her mother and ſelf with the profits of her needlework; he requeſted therefore to know if ſhe had any finiſhed piece upon ſale; ſhe produced one; it was the figure of an elephant, carrying a Nabob, whoſe dreſs and inſignia had given Miſs Carlill an opportunity of diſplaying all her genius. Sir George was profuſe in its praiſe, and

and aſked how long it had employed her. She anſwered about half a year. And the price, madam? ſays Sir George. I value it, ſays ſhe, at twenty-five guineas. And I, ſays Sir George, at fifty. So taking a fifty pound bank note from his pocket-book, he preſented it to Miſs Carlill, and requeſted ſhe would take the trouble of putting it properly up, and forwarding it to Miſs Paradyne in Groſvenor-ſquare. A little conteſt enſued upon Miſs Carlill's declining to receive more than her own value; but Sir George inſiſted ſhe did not underſtand calculation, and wiſhed he might be permitted to teach her the elements of that uſeful ſcience—in fine, he conquered. A diſſultory converſation enſued, in which Miſs Carlill ſupported her opinions, and ſhe had opinions, with the ſame ſpirit as if Sir George had been a baronet, and her recent benefactor; and in two hours the party ſeemed to have known each other half an age. Sir George even invited himſelf to tea, which Miſs Carlill granted, ſaying, it is a pleaſure ſhe could not refuſe herſelf, though a

little out of decorum, ſhe believed, as decorums went now.

As the gentlemen were returning to the inn, Sir George obſerved to Mr. Lindſay, that he had taken very little ſhare in the converſation to-day, and had not, as far as he remembered, paid Miſs Carlill a ſingle compliment, whilſt he had ſcattered his incenſe yeſterday with profuſion upon Mr. and Mrs. Holford, two objects, who, in his opinion, had little merit to plead.

"You yourſelf, Sir George," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "are the cauſe both of the one and the other."

"Me!—Lindſay," ſays Sir George, "—pray explain the enigma."

"Yeſterday," replied Mr. Lindſay, "I gave, becauſe you were not diſpoſed to give; to-day, you were liberal enough for both."

"What,—dear Lindſay," ſays Sir George, "is there no difference betwixt giving applauſe where it is due, and where it is not?"

"It is on our little ſelf-complacencies, Sir George," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "well

or

or ill founded, we build the far greater part of our happineſs; and when theſe are productive of laudable, or no illaudable purſuits, it is a ſpecies of robbery to deprive a perſon of the poſſeſſion. It is not abſolutely neceſſary that Mr. Holford ſhould diſtinguiſh accurately a Caracalla from a Lucius Verus; but it is, that Sir George Paradyne ſhould be polite and well bred, and not give pain in return for intended pleaſure. We owe to ſociety, not to be forward in diſcovering to others their little errors, when no good can reſult from the correction, and eſpecially not to ſacrifice the vanity of others at the ſhrine of our own."

"Well done!" ſays Sir George, ſmiling, "that is home, however; I hope you are not now acting in the teeth of your precept?"

"Fairly retorted," returned Mr. Lindſay; "but you are my pupil, you know, and Mr. Holford was not yours."

"And is not my dear tutor a little inexplicable? Could Marcus Tullius paſs higher encomiums upon ſincerity, veracity, candor?"

"If time, if place, if occaſion, be not conſidered," replied Sir George, "all the virtues are in danger of falling foul upon each other; not any of them require that we ſhould deprive mankind of a ſingle pleaſure it can enjoy with innocence."

The argument was kept up till their arrival at the Falcon; Sir George was convinced—which is not a common conſequence of argument—and what is ſtill more uncommon, he had the fortitude to confeſs it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

OUR gentlemen were punctual to the hour of tea, and found Mrs. Carlill, with her daughter, prepared for their reception. The old gentlewoman was very sickly, but still loquacious, and could not resist the desire she had to shew her guests that she had seen better days. After thanking Sir George for his generosity, she said, time had been when she could be generous; she had not always lived in a cottage; her father was a substantial citizen of Winchester—but he was gone—gone to his last peaceful abode, where the wicked

wicked trouble not—and all her relations. Her husband was Abraham Carlill, a freeman of the city of London, a man well known in his day, well endowed with the good things of this world, which were but vain shadows; yet he thirsted after them, and made rash ventures, and lost all, and died, and left them to lament his indiscretions. Her Abraham had a brother Ghent, in Flanders, a man well respected by the friends, but lost unto them, because he lost money by Abraham's failure, and could never be persuaded that it was owing to her husband's integrity that he was not paid his whole debt, in preference to other creditors. When the good gentlewoman had exhausted her favourite topic and herself, she reposed in silence, and left the conversation to go on how it pleased.

After having inquired how Miss Colerain did, and expressing some sorrow to hear she was unfortunate, Sir George turned the discourse on Miss Haubert, and said, he could not have believed there was at this day in England a woman of that lady's fortune, who could

could have behaved with ſo little politeneſs, and with ſo little care to conceal the ſenſe ſhe had of her own importance. There muſt have been, Sir George ſaid, ſomething ſingular in her education.

" I believe," anſwered Miſs Carlill, " this ſingularly may be accounted for, but I do not think it will amuſe thee to hear it."

" Very much ſo," Sir George replied; " if the relation would not be too great a fatigue to herſelf."

" Sir Simon Haubert, the father of this lady," Miſs Carlill ſaid, lived as moſt country gentlemen of his time did. He was a jovial man, a fox hunter, and above all, a lover of money. Sir Simon had two ſons and this daughter; at a proper age the eldeſt ſon went the Tour, the youngeſt continued at Oxford; the latter was ſaid, by the few who remembered him, to have been an amiable man, worthy of a better fate than he appears to have met with, though indeed very little is known about him.

" The

" The eldeſt ſon married a Mrs. Palick, a widow, very rich in copper mines; ſhe died without iſſue at an early period, and left behind her the character of a woman of the very firſt economy. Indeed it appeared this pair were ſo happily ſuited to each other, that they quitted all ſociety for the dear enjoyment of themſelves and their money.

" This inclination to living alone was uſually aſcribed to the lady; and it was thought Sir Simon would now open his doors and live like a man of fortune. No—the man had acquired in ſolitude a taſte for architecture; he had amuſed himſelf with drawing plans; and at length conceived the humble idea, that he had nothing to do but to build, to be acknowledged the firſt architect in this kingdom at leaſt.

" The manſion-houſe, it ſeems, was what they called gothic; ſo he began by building two Greek wings; ſomehow theſe did not accord, and Sir Simon found himſelf under the neceſſity of pulling down the houſe and joining it to the wings; by ſome error in the

the deſign they did not unite; the unemployed builders laughed, and ſaid, Sir Simon wanted nothing but taſte and knowledge to build a very good houſe. The fabric received the honour of a criticiſm in the London papers. Sir Simon anſwered by building his wings over again.

"At length friend Haubert perceived his labour was like to be in vain, ſo he deſiſted, and returned again to his accounts—would thee believe it? he had expended eighty thouſand pounds, twenty of which had been lent him by his ſteward. He died ſoon after, it was ſaid, of grief, at making this double diſcovery.

"The ſucceſſion, as friend Haubert died inteſtate, fell of courſe to his ſiſter. Catherine Haubert had merit. The flatteries of the men had not rendered her vain, for flattery is uſually founded on beauty, and ſhe had it not. From ten to eighteen ſhe was an enigma; ſhe did every thing by fits; was docile, indocile, tractable, intractable, dutiful, diſobedient, and theſe humours ſucceeded each other

other as day follows night, only with leſs certainty as to the times of coming and going; about eighteen her character began to fix. Sullenneſs and pride appeared to be predominating qualities.

" When Catharine Haubert loſt her mother, ſhe got a governeſs, a good ſort of woman, and as well qualified to correct the errors of the underſtanding as a woman who has none well can be. As brother Simon was conſtantly putting her out of humour, by telling her ſhe was ugly, her governeſs was under the neceſſity of putting her in again, by telling her ſhe had amazing talents; and it is actually true that an intellectual taſte was formed by this flattery, which in time grew to be a paſſion; but being cultivated as chance or whim directed, it was not likely ſcience in friend Catharine's head ſhould be perfectly regular.

" By the will of her father ſhe had ſix thouſand pounds; and fame, always liberal upon theſe occaſions, had doubled it. An economical gentleman in the neighbourhood cal-

calculated that he could ſupply Catharine Haubert with books, for half the money it would coſt to furniſh clothes only for any well brought up woman, and that under the copious catalogue of expences which come under the general head of diſſipation, there would be great ſavings; in favour of theſe he overlooked her learning, which huſbands, I ſuppoſe, do not covet in a wife, and bowed down and worſhipped her.

" Upon this occaſion, her features, which are rather hard, took the moſt placid and ſmiling turn they are capable of; and fearing, as it was the firſt, it might be the laſt tale of love that would ever be addreſſed to her ear —ſhe early and graciouſly granted his ſuit, and for the matters of commerce that belonged to it, referred him to her brother.

" From friend Simon he learned that he had reaſoned upon falſe premiſes, and that Catharine Haubert's accompliſhments were leſs, by half, than he had conceived them; ſo he went home to form his calculation anew. It did not anſwer. So he wrote his miſtreſs that

that circumſtances had ariſen between the baronet and him, which rendered it impoſſible for him to purſue the dear delightful hope of calling her his own, and took his leave for ever with all the needful expreſſions of anguiſh, and a broken heart.

Catharine Haubert could not conceive what theſe circumſtances could be; but when ſhe had learned them from her brother, ſhe began to entertain the moſt ſovereign contempt for mankind, and at length it became certain that a creature ſo immerſed in earthly things, was not entitled to any regard from ſo exalted a perſon as herſelf.

" Catharine Haubert endeavoured to get above this earth; ſince man was not, what elſe could be worthy her notice? ſo ſhe took flight into the region of metaphyſics. They ſay ſhe has been loſt ever ſince; but a friend of ours has traced her ſteps, and has given us the following account:

" He ſays, that Catharine Haubert was firſt ſtruck with amazement at what appeared to be the greateſt of human conceptions—the monades

monades and pre-eſtabliſhed harmony of Leibnitz. This ſyſtem fixed her faith a long time; but Malbranche came, and with him ſhe ſaw all things in God; how then ſhould ſhe ſee any thing wrong? Mr. Locke ſhewed her clearly ideas, although begotten by outward objects, were born and brought up within; and that the mind, let it look out as ſharp as it would, could hear, ſee, ſmell, taſte, touch, nothing but theſe ideas whatever. Then ſays the biſhop of Cloyne, how can we be certain there is any thing elſe whatever, to hear, ſee, ſmell, taſte, or touch. Certain, it is more worthy an omnipotent being, to raiſe ideas in the minds of intelligent creatures, by an expanſion of his own——what? of his own will, than to incumber the univerſe with groſs and ſenſeleſs matter; and the phenomena were better accounted for by this ſublime ſyſtem, and chriſtian faith more firmly ſupported. Thus, by one catholic apoſtolic decree, every thing but ſpirit would have been baniſhed for ever from the infinite regions of ſpace, had not David Hume ſhewed

ed, by very clear induction from the biſhop's premiſes, that in ſpite of Des Cartes—" I think, therefore I am—" it is very likely there was no exiſtence whatever.

" I, for my part," continued Miſs Carlill, " do not underſtand a word of all this; but my friend, who ſees Catharine Haubert often, tells me ſhe ſtill travels in air, and flies from cloud to cloud."

CHAP. XV.

SIR GEORGE, after thanking Miſs Carlill for the pains ſhe had taken for his information, obſerved, that from the pride of birth and fortune, joined to much ignorance of the world, he could eaſily conceive Miſs Haubert's behaviour might incline too much

to arrogance; but for the marked rudeneſs ſhewn to ſo amiable a lady as Miſs Colerain, there muſt be ſome additional cauſe.

"There are many," Miſs Carlill replied; "the firſt was, that when neighbour Haubert viſited any where, the company were ſo full of Cornelia Colerain's praiſe, there was none left for herſelf. This was a general cauſe. It happened alſo that a ſmall farmer, tenant of friend Haubert, died, leaving a wife and four ſmall children. The two ſucceeding half years, the poor woman was deficient in rent, ſo the bailiff took away one of her two milking cows; the other indeed, gave her children milk, but could not furniſh the butter and ſmall cheeſes, of which ſhe muſt make the principal part of her rent. It was needful for poor neighbour Haubert to have the other cow; the orders were actually given. When it came to the ears of Cornelia Colerain, who was almoſt as much celebrated for benevolence as beauty, ſhe paid the rent, and replaced the laſt cow with a better. Neighbour Haubert thought it was terribly inſolent,

lent, that a ſtranger ſhould preſume to be kind to her tenants; ſhe ordered her to quit, and Cornelia Colerain was obliged to provide the woman with another farm, on which ſhe now does very well.

"But there was ſtill worſe: a young man of Scotland, not abounding in wealth, ſon of him they call Lord Abſkirk, came to pay his addreſſes to Catharine Haubert. I do not know what his ſucceſs was there—they, ſay equal to his hopes. But going to Southampton, he chanced, at one of the aſſemblies, to dance with Cornelia Colerain, whoſe fortune, no one at that time doubted, would be fifty thouſand pounds. I fear the young man was rude to Catharine Haubert; he went to ſee her no more. Cornelia Colerain ſuited his taſte better, and he did all he could to obtain her. It is true, he failed, for Cornelia has a way of judging about men, of which few, very few indeed, can ſtand the teſt."

"What

"What I have ſeen, and what you tell me of this young lady, ſays Sir George, intereſts me exceedingly. Is ſhe reduced to abſolute poverty?"

"She is," replied Miſs Carlill.

"Is it improper, aſked Sir George, to inquire by what means?"

"Not at all; no inquiry can hurt Cornelia Colerain. But what will repay thy attention? In her little ſtory there is no romance; and thou mayeſt judge by the event, that ſhe was never under the protection of any beneficent fairy. Indeed there is nothing extraordinary in the circumſtances which relate to her. I know no remedy. There will be villains among mankind, notwithſtanding religion or the gallows—notwithſtanding even Botany Bay; and thoſe who have property are the only people who have a chance for loſing it."

At this remark, the good Mrs. Carlill began to ſigh, to ſob, to groan, to raiſe her eyes to Heaven; all this was an exordium to the long tale of Abraham Carlill's ruin, which laſted till it was proper for the gentlemen

to take leave for the evening, and made it neceſſary for Sir George to beg a diſh of tea the next afternoon. Miſs Carlill granted the requeſt, and they took leave.

As they paſſed by the door of a cottage; a woman was holding the head of a poor man, in an agony of retching; ſome ragged children were running about; it does not ſignify, John, ſays the woman, you muſt have help, and I will go to the overſeers, you know there is no charity left hereabouts, ſince Miſs Colerain loſt her means.

This called back Sir George. "You ſeem diſtreſſed, good woman." "Ay, ſorely, ſir. My huſband has had Kentiſh ague ſix weeks; he's never willing to apply to pariſh, ſo we've rubbed on wi help of gentlewoman o' yonder white houſe, thof ſhe's nothing left for herſel—vengeance o' the rogue as brought her down."

Sir George gave her what ſilver he had, and Mr. Lindſay directions how to manage her huſband, to whom, as he wanted medicines, Sir George determined to ſend an apothe-

apothecary in the morning; he even roſe earlier than common for the purpoſe, and rode to a Mr. Ward, at Winton, to whom he related the poor man's caſe. I know the man, anſwered Mr. Ward, he's honeſt but poor; I ſuppoſe it will be a love caſe, but as the man is ſo bad—why my way is this—to cure people firſt if I can, and then conſider how I can get paid; when I find the inclination to pay wanting, and not the means, it vexes me, and I talk of lawyers; when I find it is the means, and not the inclination, I put it down to the account of good works.

"An excellent ſyſtem, ſays Sir George, has it made you rich?"

"Rich in good works."

"This man, ſays Sir George, may want medicine and attendance for a month, and I beg he may have all that is neceſſary; Mrs. Bane, at the Falcon, will pay your bill. I wiſh you good morrow."

Both Sir George and Mr. Lindſay thought the day long, both were impatient for the hour of tea; at length it came, and after a

deſultory converſation, in which the gentleman and the lady found themſelves as friendly and familiar as a long acquaintance could have made them. Miſs Carlill ſpoke in this manner:

Cornelia Colerain loſt her mother when ſhe was about ſeventeen; her father was a merchant at Southampton, who had his fortune to make when he ſettled there, and he had at this time made a large one. He purchaſed that white houſe, with forty acres of land around it; and it became the province of Cornelia to ſuperintend there, whilſt the family at Southampton was put under the care of Mrs. Colerain, a ſiſter of his, who in the prime of life had been a governeſs to ſome children of family in Cornwall, and who was rewarded with a penſion of one hundred pounds for life. At this houſe Cornelia delighted to live, and to exerciſe her benevolent propenſities; here ſhe avoided many things which were diſagreeable to her in ſociety; and ſo many were her avocations, that I know not whether ſhe ever felt for a minute,

nute, the fatigue of indolence, which I am told, is the pre-diſpoſing cauſe of moſt modern diſeaſes.

Cernelia Colerain reads much, and writes charmingly; her letters were my great conſolation in our family diſtreſs. She draws well, paints prettily, and is ſaid to excell upon the harpſichord. Theſe are what are called accompliſhments. I could deſervedly praiſe her more and better, but my buſineſs is only to tell her ſtory.

Cornelia had many lovers, or pretenders, but her mode of thinking was not favourable. She tried them by certain ideas of moral excellency, which I believe does not ſuit the times. It is likely ſhe would have continued long in her maiden ſtate, had her fortune proved ſtable. It is now probable ſhe will never change it.

John Colerain had taken into his 'compting houſe, a young man whoſe name was Talbot. In his youth, it ſeems, he had been the Corydon of a village. He ſuppoſed himſelf to be a very pretty man, and that pretty

men were the moſt valuable of the ſpecies. In London, where he ſerved my father three years as a clerk, he kept company only with low women and looking-glaſſes; and neither of them taught him to correct his vices or his vanity. But though he was a coxcomb he had talents, and became valuable for his knowledge of buſineſs, and for his application.

John Colerain, on experience of his capacity, took him a one-eighth partner, to intereſt him more in the buſineſs, and he had apartments in the houſe. At this time I was much with Cornelia, and we amuſed ourſelves with his airs and graces. I had before known him to be ſtrongly impreſſed with a notion that he had attractions which few women could reſiſt; the ſweet temper and engaging diſpoſition of Cornelia Colerain, was not calculated to correct this idea. She did not think herſelf entitled to pay the attentions of civility, though more aſſiduous than common, with diſdain, as I had done; and this gentleneſs perſuaded the young fool, that Cornelia

Cornelia was enamoured of his perſon, and that this muſt be the cauſe of her quick diſmiſſion of lover after lover; of two even who had titles.

Cornelia Colerain conſidered herſelf as miſtreſs, at their country houſe, and endeavoured to make every one happy in it. When it was Thomas Talbot'a fortune to viſit here, her ſuperior attention confirmed him in his unfortunate deluſion; he was aſſured a declaration would be received with ſecret joy, and he took an opportunity to make it, with all the modeſty of a coxcomb.

Cornelia Colerain, though aſtoniſhed and vexed, did not take fire at this declaration, as I ſuppoſe moſt young women would have done in ſimilar circumſtances; ſhe only ſaid, ſhe was very ſorry he had entertained ſuch an affection, for ſhe could not return it, and did not like to give pain to any one.

This was ſo gentle a rejection, that I dare ſay it might have emboldened men more modeſt than Thomas Talbot. He did perſevere till he became intolerable, and obliged

Cornelia to treat him with anger and diſdain: this alſo failing, ſhe was under the neceſſity of applying to her father.

John Colerain was angry. His firſt ſtep was to diſmiſs the offender from his houſe. His next would have been to have diſſolved the partnerſhip, but that the young man humbled himſelf, and promiſed never to repeat the offence.

But the affront rankled in his boſom. It was indeed a ſevere mortification, for it ſhook the whole fabric of coxcombry to its foundation; he found he wanted comfort, and ſought it in wine, and in the company of abandoned women.

Things were thus ſituated, when John Colerain was called to Bourdeaux, upon the failure of a great houſe there. It was an alarming circumſtance, for he had accepted bills to a large amount, for wines, not yet collected. It is true, the honour of the houſe was unimpeached, but it had been imprudent.

Great fatigue brought upon John Colerain an illneſs which left him with an alarming debility.

bility. In his letters to his daughter he concealed this, only ſaying, his ſtay was occaſioned by buſineſs. Thomas Talbot had more regard for truth; he told her the whole of her father's danger. It is probable he aſpired to be her conductor to Bourdeaux; for he ſaid it was dangerous to go through France without one, and he would endeavour to put buſineſs in ſuch a train as to be able to attend her, if ſhe choſe to go. She choſe to go indeed, but not with Thomas Talbot. He was odious for his pretenſions, and more odious for his libertiniſm. Cornelia anſwered his propoſal with aſperity; nay—ſhe even hinted an intention of laying before her father, the flagitious part of his conduct.

This little inſinuation put Thomas Talbot into anger; for men cannot always be kindly diſpoſed to women who abuſe them. In that frame of mind, ſeveral ſuſpicious things fell from him; nay, he told her plainly, that high as ſhe was in the world, there were circumſtances which might pull her down, and even make her repent her proud treatment of him-

ſelf. That, aſſuming a ſmile of the utmoſt contempt—that, ſhe ſaid, was impoſſible.

Cornelia Colerain ſet out for France, with her maid and a black ſervant, a man much regarded for his faithful attachment to her father, and for circumſtances which happened in Barbadoes, and will be long remembered there. She did not ſeek adventures; adventures did not ſeek her; and ſhe arrived at Bourdeaux, with fatigue indeed, but without accident.

At the ſight of her emaciated father, ſhe fainted in his arms. To him, her coming was a cordial of the moſt reviving kind; his ſpirits were raiſed, his malady appeared to have given way, and in a week he made preparations for leaving his friends at Bourdeaux, and took his paſſage home in a veſſel to ſail for England.

About the third day a ſtorm aroſe, which drove them to the ſouth of Cape Finiſterre; and the wind continuing adverſe, it was ſix weeks before they could enter the channel. The inconveniences they ſuffered in conſequence,

quence, would have been ſeverely felt by Cornelia, but for a much deeper affliction.

Her father's illneſs returned with double violence; he declined rapidly, and died in his daughter's arms, two days before the veſſel entered Poole harbour. You are men of humanity, you will feel for Cornelia's afflictions, they are beyond my power to deſcribe.

It was evening when they came on ſhore. Cornelia got into a chaiſe with her maid, and Fidel, the black ſervant, attended her on horſeback, ſhe arrived at Southampton about ten o'clock, and was driven to her father's houſe. Fidel rapped long and long, no one came to anſwer; at length a woman who kept a little ſhop at three doors diſtance, ran to the chaiſe with a candle. "The Lord be good unto me, Miſs, ſaid ſhe, is it you? God be thanked; then I hope things are not ſo bad as folks ſay."

"You terrify me to death, Mrs. Mercer, ſays Cornelia, what do you mean? why is my father's houſe deſerted? and where is my aunt?"

"Gracious—Miſs—the good woman anſwered—why you talk as if you knew nothing of what happened."

"I do not indeed, replied Cornelia."

"Goodneſs—ſays Mrs. Mercer—what not know how Mr. Talbot is run away with a power of money? and how they got your father into the Gazette? then they turned the ſervants and clerks all out of the houſe."

Cornelia ſunk to the bottom of the chaiſe whence ſhe was carried by Fidel and another neighbour into Mrs. Mercer's back room. She was not long however deprived of recollection; and when ſhe had learned that her aunt was at Combor Common, inſiſted upon Fidel's procuring another chaiſe, and in three hours found herſelf preſſed to the boſom of her affectionate aunt. They afflicted and conſoled each other. When they retired to reſt, the unburied body of her father ſwam before Cornelia's eyes, her diſordered imagination painted ſad ſcenes of poverty and want; a fever and delirium came on; her life was deſpaired of many

days; during which the more immediate friends of John Colerain, took care of his interment.

At the firſt meeting of the creditors, after Thomas Talbot diſappeared, a general prejudice prevailed againſt John Colerain, and even his daughter, as accomplices in the fraud. Some went ſo far as to deny the father's death, and to ſay it was a mock funeral. But when the commiſſion came on, when the books were examined, and the evidences, when all circumſtances were compared, theſe malignant opinions loſt all force—except amongſt two ſorts of people—thoſe who had been moſt vehement in their propagation and ſupport, and thoſe who found it convenient to ſeem to entertain them; becauſe, having been the moſt intimate friends of Cornelia, ſomething more than pity might have been expected from them. Amongſt the reſt, who had no ſuch powerful motive of belief, there was but one opinion, that Thomas Talbot was the ſole delinquent—an abandoned miſcreant—whoſe irregularity of life and malignant

nant diſpoſition, had reduced to ruin the fortune of his benefactor.

For immediately after the departure of Cornelia for France, Thomas Talbot was detected in an amour with a barber's wife, and the barber, a man of ſpirit, forced him to purchaſe ſafety at a pretty dear rate. It was believed that Thomas Talbot meditated to raiſe what money he could, and decamp with it, not daring to wait John Colerain's coming home, when a letter of attorney to ſell ſtock in the public funds, to ſupply the exigencies of trade, arrived from Bourdeaux. John Colerain had twenty thouſand pounds in the ſtocks; Thomas Talbot thus impowered, ſold it all; though the credit of the houſe would have been well ſupported by five thouſand; and having raiſed about ſixty thouſand more, went off, no one knows whither.

Although it is a year ſince the commiſſion began, it is not yet cloſed. Fifteen ſhillings in the pound have been paid, and nearly enough remains to clear the whole. An old humane merchant bought the white houſe there,

there, intending Cornelia Colerain and her aunt ſhould poſſeſs it rent free for their lives; but ſee how every thing is unfortunate for Cornelia Colerain. Three months ſince, ſhe loſt her aunt, and was by her death reduced to abſolute poverty. About the ſame time alſo, died ſuddenly the old merchant, who had neglected to put his humane intentions into a legal form. His heirs have quarrelled about the poſſeſſion of this very houſe, and not being able to adjuſt it, have ordered it to be ſold, Cornelia having the proper notice to quit.

Miſs Carlill having finiſhed Miſs Colerain's little hiſtory, received the thanks of the gentlemen, who expreſſed much concern for the unfortunate ſubject. After a little fit of muſing, Sir George inquired how far it was poſſible to expreſs ſenſation or paſſion by needlework; Miſs Carlill anſwered,—"Not very accurately, thou may'ſt be ſure; but ſomething may be done." "I am diſpoſed, ſays Sir George, to indulge myſelf with a piece of your execution, repreſenting the ſcene

ſcene at Southampton, on the return of Miſs Colerain; dare you undertake it?" "I will do all I can to oblige thee, replied Miſs Carhill, but thou thyſelf muſt point out the group of particulars which muſt be repreſented by a ſingle inſtant." "Then ſaid Sir George, I will take the liberty to wait upon you in the morning, in order to confer with you upon the ſubject, after having *dreamt* about it. So for the preſent we will bid you adieu.

CHAP. XVI.

I WISH I knew the cauſe of dreams. I never ſhall, till the gentlemen philoſophers have ſettled whether thinking is done and performed by vibrations, or by impreſſions, or

or by the action of nothing upon ſomething, which is ſo well explained by the immaterialiſts. I comfort myſelf with reflecting, that by the upward reaſoning of the *phyſicians*, and the downward reaſoning of divines, we ſhall come to know every thing in time, and that my grandſon will explain, in the twenty-fifth edition of this work, the cauſe why, and the manner how, Sir George Paradyne, the enſuing night, made ſeas, and ſhips, and rocks, and more Miſs Colerains than an Eſquimaux can count; ſhe called for his aſſiſtance in a thouſand dangers; he flew, he ſwam, he dived, he fought to ſave her.

To this kind of ſleep, Sir George was little indebted for refreſhment. He ſhook it off early to indulge in meditation. He conſidered his projected ſcene of the evening at Southampton; but he conſidered ſtill more, how it might be poſſible to get introduced to Miſs Colerain; whether there was any refined and delicate mode of benevolence, by which ſhe could be aſſiſted. Of all delicate things, to give was the moſt delicate. It

was

was neceſſary to know a multitude of preparatory things, ſuch as Miſs Colerain's degree of refinement, her delicacy, intentions, inclinations, in ſhort it was neceſſary to be intimately acquainted with her.

Weary at length with the labour of an excurſive imagination, which could find nothing ſolid to reſt upon, Sir George roſe—before the ſun. The riſing ſun is a charming object; but it is the peculiar unhappineſs of Engliſh ladies and gentlemen ſeldom to have an opportunity to enjoy it. The reaſon of this ſeems to be, that Brookes's and the Pantheon are ſo unſkilfully ſituated, that a view of the horizon is not to be had; ſo was not the church-yard of Combor, and thither Sir George bent his morning courſe. It was once more to behold the magnificent views, which had ſo charmed him the firſt time, that Sir George ſought this beautiful ſummit; the ſcenery of the country was equally rich, the cities as majeſtic, the ſea as grand as before; yet none of theſe had ſo many attractions for Sir George's eyes, as the white houſe

houſe on Combor common; an object not rich, nor grand, nor majeſtic. He ſoon perceived, however, that objects are not ſo diſtinct at the diſtance of half a mile, as of half a yard, and he wanted to ſee it diſtinctly. He had a proſect-glaſs in his hand, by the help of which he ſaw that the houſe had twelve ſaſh-windows in front, and that there was a ſmall court before it, in which moved ſomething that ſeemed a—woman. The foot-path which led towards the houſe was not in its front, ſo that Sir George, before he was ſeen himſelf, found a poſition in which he could view the flower-garden, and the lady in it, at his eaſe. He had never before ſeen ſuch beauty, ſo unadorned, and it appeared the more to be beauty. Her ſhape, "fine by degrees," had no cloak, or cardinal, or ſhawl, to conceal it; a ſtraw hat with a black ribbon ſhaded her lovely and penſive face, and her fine mild eyes ſeemed to ſhine with uncommon luſtre.

As Sir George had drank tea with Miſs Colerain, there did not ſeem to be any impropriety

propriety in accoſting her, and he gave her the morning ſalutation; ſhe returned it, not without ſome apparent flutter. "You ſeem, madam, by your early riſing," ſays Sir George, "to be an admirer of nature?" "I hope I am, ſir," ſhe anſwered, moving towards the door. "May I, madam," aſked Sir George in a hurry, "may I be permitted to admire your collection of polyanthus's?" "You are welcome, ſir," replied the lady; "you will have the goodneſs to excuſe my doing the honours of the garden. I wiſh you a good morning." "I thank you, madam, —but without you—" but the lady had entered the houſe, and had ſhut the door gently, not rudely, and yet it was vaſtly rude to do ſo any way; and Sir George concluded that Miſs Colerain, whatever ſhe might poſſeſs of other accompliſhments, had not that of politeneſs. A little angry, he turned his ſteps to the Falcon.

Mr. Lindſay was more than uſually thoughtful at breakfaſt, and to Sir George's inquiry into the cauſe, he anſwered, that he had

had been amuſing himſelf with a London paper, and ſaw himſelf attacked under the ſignature of Galgacus, for his laſt political pamphlet. If Sir George wiſhed to ſee Miſs Carlill, he begged to ſtay in his apartment in order to digeſt his anſwer. Sir George conſented, and went alone.

The converſation began upon the tablet, the oſtenſible buſineſs of the day. But, ſays Sir George, interrupting an obſervation of Miſs Carlill's, all this elegance denotes an extraordinary degree of politeneſs, and you know Miſs Carlill, your friend is not polite.

Miſs Carlill ſeemed ſurpriſed—after half a minute's pauſe, ſhe ſaid haſt thou ever ſeen her otherwiſe?

" This morning,"—anſwered Sir George.

" Thou haſt introduced thyſelf then? I ſhould like to know the manner."

" She was in her flower-garden, taking off ſome decayed leaves; I told her her polyanthus's were very pretty, and deſired to admire them; this requeſt, as far as regarded the polyanthus's, was granted: but the moment

ment I entered the garden, ſhe entered the houſe; the door was ſhut againſt me, and I was left to admire—what I could."

"Thou wert angry, no doubt," ſaid Miſs Carlill.

"Not much pleaſed, I own," Sir George replied. "I could not help conſidering it rather as an abatement of the ſum total of Miſs Colerain's accompliſhments."

"Thou judgeſt," Miſs Carlill anſwered, as if there were no quality of any eſtimation but this politeneſs; if it were worth the rout thou makeſt about it, I would tell thee there is not a politer woman on earth than Cornelia Colerain; in my mind ſhe has more than enough of it. But let me aſk thee, if ſix o'clock in the morning was the proper hour to ſhew it thee? alone too? If politeneſs accuſes, will not delicacy acquit her?

"it ſeemed, Miſs Carlill," ſaid Sir George, "more like apprehenſion than delicacy; yet I hope I have not the appearance of a footpad."

No,"

"No,"—anſwered, Miſs Carlill,—"thou haſt rather the appearance of a fine young gentleman, a much more formidable being to Cornelia Colerain, than a footpad."

"Why ſo, Miſs Carlill?"

"Perhaps her delicacy may be increaſed by misfortunes, and ſhe may be more apprehenſive than is neceſſary; there are libertines in Southampton as well as elſewhere. From the impertinence of one rich licentious young man ſhe has ſuffered much."

"Damn him!—" ſays Sir George, with tolerable emphaſis—and a ſmall glow upon his cheek.

Miſs Carlill ſmiled and ſaid, "For a lady who wants politeneſs, thou entereſt into her intereſts, ſeemingly with a ſuperabundant zeal."

"Zeal—Miſs Carlill—zeal," Sir George replied, "no—no zeal at all; I ſhould like to do the young lady good indeed if I knew how, becauſe—becauſe—ſhe may have ſome good qualities, and becauſe—ſhe is your friend, Miſs Carlill."

"I thank

"I thank thee. What doſt thou think of her perſon. It has been thought handſome."

"She is very well, Miſs Carlill, but I have ſeen taller women; however I do not want to depreciate her merit; I am ſorry, quite ſorry for her. What does ſhe intend to do?"

"She has an intention, and one which does her honour, but I am not at liberty to mention it."

"Some view of eſtabliſhment by marriage, I ſuppoſe."

"If thou canſt gueſs no better, thou wilt not be reſorted to as an oracle."

"Nay, I do not want to gueſs; ſhe is her own miſtreſs. Only, if her views are ſuch as I could have aſſiſted her in—"

"Oh, thou wouldſt find a great difference betwixt Cornelia Colerain, and Rebecca Carlill. She has no needle work to ſell."

"Too proud I ſuppoſe to accept. Was not Miſs Carlill once accuſtomed to give?"

"Yes

"Yes—too proud. I hope thou wilt pardon her, when thou conſidereſt how much ſhe has been accuſtomed to give:"

"If thou delighteſt in ſimilies, thou mayeſt compare my benevolence to the moon, Cornelia's to the ſun; I am moreover nine years older, have had ſome years to get rid of my pride, and a mother's diſtreſſes to aſſiſt me."

"There is more juſt judgment, Miſs Carlill, in conforming to ſituation, as you have done, than in ſoaring above it."

"Cornelia Colerain has that juſt judgment; her thoughts are humble, not ſoaring; but ſhe prefers employment to indolence, labour to dependence."

"Labour! Miſs Colerain labour?"—ſays Sir George with eagerneſs, and riſing to ſtride acroſs the room.

"It is thou that art proud now; Cornelia Colerain does not conſider induſtry as degrading."

"Induſtry! ſays Sir George—the devil—what—will ſhe take in clothes to waſh?"

Miſs Carlill laughed outright.—" Has thy honour," ſays ſhe, " no new ſhirts for her to make?"

" Well,"—anſwered Sir George, " well. Miſs Carlill—if you will not let me take an intereſt in your friend, I cannot help it."

" It is," ſaid Miſs Carlill, " her fixed, —thou wilt call it her proud principle,—to be independent to the laſt hour of her life—if ſhe can. Next to that, is to be obſcure and unknown; and in ſome ſequeſtered abode, to find a means of exchanging the products of ſome of the elegant arts, which have hitherto been her amuſement, for the common and convenient neceſſaries of life; her plan is arranged, but not yet ready for execution. Yet I fear, ſays Miſs Carlill, ſighing,—I fear I have an advertiſement here, which will precipitate her into it before the time, and occaſion her ſome unexpected difficulties."

" I almoſt wiſh," ſay Sir George, " they may be inſurmountable. But what is the advertiſement?" She put into his hand the following hand bill:

To

To be ſold by auction, at the Falcon, at Combor, on the 31ſt day of Auguſt next, unleſs previouſly diſpoſed of by private contract, of which due notice will be given; all that meſſuage ſtanding and being upon Combor common, called the White houſe, with all its appurtenances, furniture, library of books, and about forty acres of land. Enquire of Mr. Merrick, attorney at law, Southampton.

Miſs Colerain will ſhew the premiſes.

"Now it is about the middle of next month," continues Miſs Carlill, "her notice expires; in caſe the houſe had not been ſold or taken, ſhe might have hoped a few months longer indulgence. Now ſhe cannot expect it."

"By heaven!" ſays Sir George, ſtarting up—"but—my bear Miſs Carlill you muſt give me leave to wait upon you to-morrow morning; I had almoſt forgot an engagement." "I wiſh thee a good day," ſays Miſs Carlill—but, thought ſhe—thou art ſubject to ſtrange ſudden emotions.

The ſentiment which hurried Sir George away ſo rapidly, was not a ſentiment of ſorrow; it was one that made him tread lighter upon the earth, which made that earth ſeem elaſtic under his feet; in ſhort, it was nothing more or leſs, than that he would go to Southampton, purchaſe theſe premiſes, and then—conſider what he ſhould do with them.

It is the will of heaven, I believe, that the volition of young men ſhould direct their underſtandings; and it is happy if they are able to change this retrograde motion into its direct and proper courſe—when they are old.

"Was Sir George in love with Miſs Colerain?" Of my twenty thouſand fair readers, nineteen thouſand at leaſt muſt have aſked this queſtion. I anſwer, no—dear ladies—no—he had not time.

"Then you would perſuade us it was pure compaſſion?"

"Yes—dear ladies—yes,"

"We did not apprehend you were writing a romance; we know ſomething of love, and

and ſomething of pity, and we adviſe you not to make effects greater than their cauſes."

Good! This is the philoſophic age—of ladies.

CHAP. XVII.

LEAVING Mr. Lindſay to his pen, Sir George rode to Southampton, and with all the eagerneſs of a young man, and none of the ſubtilty of an old one, applied to Mr. Merrick, who did not want the proper wiſdom of his profeſſion. "You are Sir George Paradyne, ſays this gentleman, the ſon of Sir Jeffery Paradyne. I knew Sir

Jeffery, a moſt worthy gentleman as any in Surrey; ay,—his was a ſad cataſtrophe—but we are all liable to accidents by wind and by water. Pray, Sir George, how long is it ſince?" "Six months," Sir George replied. "Yes—time flies; I read it in the papers; his next heir was ſaid to be a minor; wrong informed there, I ſuppoſe?"

"No, Mr. Merrick," Sir George anſwered, "I ſtill want a few months of being of age."

"I fear then, the buſineſs you came about cannot be purſued; a minor cannot purchaſe; this did not occur to you, Sir George?"

"It did not, Mr. Merrick; is the difficulty not to be got over?"

"If it was my own affair, I ſhould not," ſays the attorney, "make the leaſt ſcruple, I ſhould have full confidence in your honour; but we are not allowed to run riſques for clients."

"Well," ſays Sir George, "if it cannot be done, we muſt reſt it where it is; I am ſorry, for I wiſhed to ſerve Miſs Colerain."

"You

"You are acquainted with Miſs Colerain?"

"I have ſcarce ſeen her," anſwered Sir George; but I have heard of her diſtreſs, and wiſh to remove a part of it."

"I wiſh," ſays Mr. Merrick, "I wiſh gentlemen of your fortune, had generally more of your benevolence. Miſs Colerain is a moſt worthy young lady, and has been rather ungenteelly uſed by the commiſſioners; but I know the cauſe; it has been all at the inſtigation of one Claverly, a merchant here, a creditor of old Colerain's, but who hated him becauſe he had refuſed him his daughter; the fact was, the young lady did not like him; he was rich too—but ſhe did not like him. Well—that is over and paſt. There is a way Sir George, but perhaps you will not like it."

"Let me know it, Mr. Merrick."

"I will purchaſe of the heirs, and you purchaſe of me; and as is cuſtomary, depoſit in my hands, ten per cent. of the purchaſe money, for a forfeit, in caſe the purchaſe is not made good on your ſide, when you have compleated your twenty-firſt year. It is

true, there will be double writings, but that is a trifle, not worth Sir George Paradyne's conſideration."

"I agree to it, Mr. Merrick," anſwered Sir George; ſuppoſing that the premiſes ſhall be conſidered as mine; and no one exerciſe any authority over them whatever."

"The premiſes," replied Mr. Merrick, "ſhall be conſidered as yours from this day, and no one ſhall preſume to exerciſe authority over any thing within, or any thing without; a condition to which you yourſelf muſt alſo be bound, till you have legal poſſeſſion."

"Agreed," Sir George anſwered. "What then is the purchaſe money? Obſerve, Mr. Merrick, I conſider you in this affair as my agent, as well as the ſeller. I leave the price and every other circumſtance totally to you."

Mr. Merrick knew very well that the common want of young men was prudence, and that that was moſt durable which was deareſt bought; he had therefore determined to ſell him a portion of it for five hundred pounds; but this appeal, which Sir George at once made

made as it were, to his honour, ſunk it in an inſtant to four hundred; and at that price above two thouſand pounds which an honeſt valuer had put upon it, was the bargain ſtruck. Could an honeſt man do more? Sir George had luckily bank notes ſufficient for the depoſit, which he paid; and ordering the conveyances to be made, which Mr. Merrick thought neceſſary, he took his leave.

CHAP. XVIII.

AT ten the next morning, he took alone the road to Miſs Carlill's. Upon the common, near the door of his new purchaſe, was a ſervant walking two horſes ſaddled; without

thinking much of it, he was paſſing by, when the ſaſh was inſtantly thrown up, and he heard himſelf called by his name; he haſtened to the door which was opened by a maid ſervant, ſeemingly much frightened. A man's voice in the parlour, ſaid, "I inſiſt on ſeeing Miſs Colerain." "I tell thee," ſays a female voice, which Sir George knew was Miſs Carlill's, "I tell thee again thou canſt not, ſhe is not well enough to attend thee."

"Mere female caprice and perverſeneſs; I have queſtions to aſk which only ſhe can anſwer," ſays the gentleman.

"Aſk thy queſtions," ſays Miſs Carlill; "I will repeat them to her and bring thee anſwers."

"That will not do," replied the man; "I am referred to her by public advertiſement, and I will ſee her."

Sir George was now in the room. Miſs Carlill ſprung to him, ſaying I am glad to ſee thee; here is neighbour Claverly, from Southampton; he is obſtinate to day, and rather rude; his buſineſs is to ſee the pre-

miſes, and nothing will ſerve him but he will ſee Cornelia Colerain."

"againſt her will?" ſays Sir George.

"What is that to you, ſir?" ſays Mr. Claverly, fiercely.

"Nothing at all," anſwers Sir George, except the concern one gentleman is apt to feel, when another does not act like one."

"I imagine," ſays Mr. Claverly, "I know what belongs to a gentleman as well as you; I fear no man, and do not chuſe to be made a fool of even by a lady. I apply to Miſs Colerain, upon the faith of a public advertiſement; ſhe was to ſhew the premiſes, ſhe only can ſhew them properly."

"Neighbour Claverly," ſays Miſs Carlill, "Cornelia Colerain was not conſulted reſpecting the advertiſement; ſhe does not chooſe to obey its dictates; and who has a right to force her to compliance?"

"I believe," anſwered Claverly, the hardeſt leſſon on earth for a women to learn is humility."

"Doſt thou not think," ſays Miſs Carlill, it is as hard for a man to learn good manners?"

"I am not come hither only on a fool's errand," ſays Claverly, to loſe my time for the indulgence of Miſs Colerain's pride, but I muſt ſubmit alſo to the *thee* and *thou* pertneſs of a female quaker."

"Thou haſt only to walk forth, and thou art rid of it," anſwered Miſs Carlill.

"No,—I will ſtay by G—, if it be only to plague thee."

"I think, Mr. Claverly," ſaid Sir George, the manners of the times require ſomething more of civility and attention to ladies; but to cut ſhort this diſpute, and all pretence for your remaining here, be pleaſed to know, this houſe is not now on ſale."

"Who are you, ſir?"

"I am the purchaſer, Mr. Claverly; if you chuſe to take the trouble of inquiry, Mr. Merrick will ſatisfy you."

"I have a right, ſir, to ſuppoſe it unſold, till it is publickly contradicted;" ſaid Claverly.

"You

"You have, ſir," Sir George anſwered; "but what other right do you build upon this? not that ſurely of diſturbing Miſs Colerain, or inſulting Miſs Carlill."

"Is it your doughty arm that is to defend them if I ſhould? I beg leave to congratulate the ladies on a champion of ſuch proweſs."

"I have no right to force you out of the houſe, Mr. Claverly," ſaid Sir George, Miſs Colerain has the ſole right; but give me leave to invite you out of it."

"With all my heart," anſwered Claverly.

"No—no—no," ſays Miſs Carlill, holding Sir George's arm."

"Do not be alarmed, dear Miſs Carlill," ſaid Sir George; "I only invite Mr. Claverly to a friendly expoſtulation. I have no weapons of offence, nor I preſume has he."

"I do not know that," ſays the terrified Miſs Carlill, ſtill holding Sir George."

"Oh," ſays Claverly, this is a league I ſee, offenſive and defenſive; I muſt now congratulate you, ſir; ſeven bulls hides are a leſs potent ſhield than a petticoat."

"I

"It is well, Mr. Claverly," ſays Sir George, "I attend you. My dear Miſs Carlill, I muſt give myſelf the pleaſure to hear in what language Mr. Claverly talks only to gentlemen; before ladies, his ſtile is the ſtile valiant."

Sir George had gently broke from Miſs Carlill, and was going out of the room when Miſs Colerain entered it; ſhe paſſed Sir George with a curtſy, and advancing with a graceful and dignified reſentment, ſpoke in this manner: "In every ſituation of life, I find I am to be obliged to Mr. Claverly; I know not for what cauſe he ſhould ſingle me out for perſecution, but much deſire to know?"

"I am ready, Miſs Colerain," ſays Claverly, to give you any explanation you require, but I chuſe to give it to you only."

"I never had," replied Miſs Colerain, I never can have any connexion with Mr. Claverly, of which I wiſh the world to be ignorant; I had rather there were more, than fewer auditors."

"The

"The ſubject on which I requeſt your attention, madam," ſays Claverly, "requires none but yourſelf."

"Is it, Mr. Claverly, to repeat the kind and liberal offer you had the goodneſs to make me by letter, the day after my aunt's interment?"

"It is extremely odd, madam," ſaid Clavery, "You ſhould chuſe to ſpeak upon a ſubject of confidence before ſtrangers."

"I do chuſe it however," anſwered Miſs Colerain; it was an honourable offer, you thought it generous alſo, conſidering, as you were pleaſed to ſay, circumſtances; of that ſpecies of honour and generoſity I own myſelf no judge. When I was ſuppoſed to be rich, Mr. Claverly offered me his hand; now I am poor, and conſequently contemptible, he offers me his—heart—and a comfortable maintainance, and money in my purſe; could you wiſh ſuch generoſity to be unknown? —and—oh, Mr. Claverly—what a time did you chuſe for this generous propoſal? my aunt—my mother—my only remaining relation

tion—my ſole ſupport on earth—to whom I gave, as ſhe deſerved, all my affection—four days before, died in my arms. Misfortune had ſunk me beneath the world's notice; this was the intereſting period you choſe for ſinking me beneath my own. Had you been as dear to me as the ſtrongeſt affection ever made man dear to woman, ſuch an offer—I hope at any time—certainly at ſuch a time—muſt have rendered you the object of my deteſtation; ſo—Mr. Claverly—for the firſt and laſt time—permit me to ſay—ſo you are to me."

"Of your deteſtation, Miſs Colerain?"

"I would not unneceſſarily repeat harſh words, but I deſire ſo to ſpeak that I may cut off for ever, all expectation that there can ever exiſt the leaſt poſſible connexion betwixt you and me."

"Might I not preſume, madam," ſays Claverly, curling his noſe, "and ſmiling a malignant ſmile, might I not preſume you would honour me with your hand, were I to renew my original propoſal. Your prudence,

"madam,

madam, might not it engage you to ſay aſide your de—teſ—ta—ti—on?"

"Every thing you ſay, Mr. Claverly, adds to my contempt of you. I beg we may end the converſation. Be aſſured there is nothing you can offer, I can or will accept."

"You carry it with a damned high hand, Miſs Colerain; that pride muſt be great indeed, which ruin cannot humble. I fancy I have contributed no ſmall ſum to its growth."

"Fie, Mr. Claverly!" ſays Sir George, with glowing cheeks, "is this the language of a gentleman to a lady?"

"Sir George Paradyne," ſays Miſs Colerain, "ſhall I entreat the favour of your company along with Miſs Carlill? Fidel you will attend Mr. Claverly."

"Do—Sir George Paradyne—attend the lady. It is a ſafe and honourable poſt."

"Safe!" ſays Sir George, laying his hand inſtinctively where his ſword would have been, had he been full dreſſed, then recollecting himſelf, he ſaid—"Honourable I am ſure

ſure it is, and I accept it with pleaſure. I attend you, madam."

"The commiſſioners meet to-morrow," ſaid Claverly, "for the final ſettlement of your father's affairs; ſhall I inform them of your exalted notion,—and your powerful alliance with Sir George Paradyne?"

"Baſe and unmanly inſult!" ſays Sir George, low, to Claverly."

"Stop my angry boy;" ſays the other, putting himſelf in the door way, Miſs Colerain and Miſs Carlill having already gone out, Sir George, without an inſtant of heſitation, ſeized him with both hands by the collar, and giving him a hearty ſhake, threw him from him into the middle of the hall, and then walked quietly after the ladies.

Whether Mr. Claverly did not like the muſcular ſtrength Sir George had exerted, or was come to a more gentlemanly ſenſe of things, I know not, but after a few imprecations, and thoſe not very loud, he mounted his horſe and rode away.

Miſs

Miſs Colerain had thrown herſelf breathleſs and almoſt fainting upon a ſofa, and when ſhe had turned her eyes upon Sir George, they were filled with the tears of ſenſibility and gratitude; Sir George requeſted ſhe would diſmiſs her fear.

"For myſelf," ſhe anſwered, "I have; but for you, Sir George—I know not what conſequences your kind interpoſition may have drawn upon you. The character of Mr. Claverly is bold and brutal."

Sir George replied to Miſs Colerain, "He hoped ſhe would honour him ſo far as to lay aſide her apprehenſions; a man who could bluſter in the preſence of ladies, and inſult them —could ſuch a man be feared?"

"Oh," replies Miſs Colerain, "he values himſelf upon his courage, though I believe it has not yet been put to the proof; leſt it ſhould, I am told he fences daily, and ſhoots at a mark."

"No more, amiable Miſs Colerain, no more of a man who takes ſuch pains to manufacture valour. Do me the honour to think,

think, a man whom you deſpiſe ſo juſtly, cannot inſpire me with fear."

"It is not always that thoſe who are the moſt incapable of fear, are ſafeſt from brutality;" ſaid Miſs Colerain.

"Generally, I ſhould think they were," Sir George replied; "but let me conclude this topic, with aſſuring Miſs Colerain, that any eſſential ſervice ſhe will permit me to do her, will be a remembrance of the moſt pleaſing kind."

Miſs Colerain could only bow to this; ſhe was too much affected to be able to ſpeak. Sir George directly changed the converſation, in which Miſs Colerain was not in ſpirits to bear a conſiderable ſhare; what ſhe ſaid, however, was ſo ſaid, that Sir George wiſhed only to hear; but he ſoon perceived that in her preſent ſtate of mind, deſultory converſation ſeemed to afford her no pleaſure, and concluding that ſhe wiſhed to be alone with her friend, he roſe to take leave. In doing this, he ſaid, with a reſpectful air of tenderneſs, "I hope Miſs Colerain will not find it diſagreeable

agreeable that I have purchaſed theſe premiſes; I know not in what language Miſs Carlill could have told me the tale of your misfortunes, without inſpiring me with reſpect for your virtues. I feared, leſt by the haſty ſale according to advertiſement, you might be precipitated into ſome diſagreeable or inconvenient ſituation; I agreed therefore with Mr. Merrick, that hand-bills ſhould be this morning diſtributed at Southampton, to give notice that the purchaſe was made, and alſo in the papers; I entreat therefore you will be perfectly at eaſe; take all the time you wiſh for conſideration, the premiſes are yours as long as you pleaſe—and if you pleaſe for ever."

Miſs Colerain only bowed to this; a hectic of a moment fluſhed her cheek, and was ſucceeded inſtantly by a morbid paleneſs; ſhe ſeemed almoſt to faint—when Sir George haſtily withdrew.

As a natural philoſopher, the irritabilities —I believe politeneſs requires I ſhould ſay, ſenſibilities—of the ladies, have made no inconſiderable

inconſiderable part of the ſtudy of a life devoted to their ſervice; but I find that the beautiful matter of which they are compoſed, has properties—eſſences I mean—which I cannot diſcover; unleſs one looks phiſiologically into the matter, there ſeems little difficulty for the paleneſs of a lady ſeized with ſudden fear; but that kindneſs, generoſity, ſhould have effects marked by the ſame exterior ſymptom! Dear irreconcileables! dear inexplicables! henceforwards I ſtudy mathemetics only."

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

SIR George Paradyne left the common, with two emotions more than any confirmed ſtoick would have permitted the entrance of into his boſom—anger and pity—Miſs Colerain the cauſe, remote or proximate, of both. If the brutal image of Claverly preſented itſelf to his imagination, it was quickly followed by that of Miſs Colerain, accoſting the ſavage with a dignity that gave a higher character to beauty; her firm calm tone of contempt, expreſſed at once a mind intrepid and untainted

tainted. She was not lovely only, ſhe was great.

Sir George had not yet communicated to Mr. Lindſay the buſineſs of the preceding day at Southampton; though he was certain the action had for its baſis the pure principles of benevolence, he was conſcious of a degree of precipitancy in it; nor could he be poſitive that he could clearly prove to his friend, either the wiſdom of it, or the neceſſity; he muſt know, however, and Sir George prefaced the intelligence by the ſcene of the morning, in which the beauty, grace and dignity of Miſs Colerain were by no means forgot.

When the narration was compleat, Sir George had the mortification to find Mr. Lindſay look grave, and not anſwer. Sir George aſked if he had the misfortune to incur his diſapprobation? Mr. Lindſay replied, that although Sir George had repeatedly requeſted him to aſſume the friend whenever he had occaſion for advice; when admonition, the

the tutor; the latter office was too diſagreeable to be taken up except on extraordinary occaſions. There was, however, no poſſibility of appreciating human actions juſtly, without a knowledge of the motives. Many ſplendid actions were the offspring of oſtentation; charity herſelf was ſometimes only the hand-maid of vanity.

Sir George was eager to interrupt him. "Dear Lindſay," he ſaid, "why reflections of this nature? How is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, in this caſe, any other motives than pity and compaſſion?"

"It is poſſible notwithſtanding," Mr. Lindſay replied; "very powerful motives ſometimes enter at the eyes." Smiling he ſaid this.

"I declare, dear Lindſay," ſaid Sir George, "if I know my own heart——"

"Oh—nothing more eaſy," replied Lindſay.

"Pſhaw!" ſays Sir George, "I am confident it was nothing but the abſolute diſtreſs of Miſs Colerain which excited me; what, I aſk you, could beauty do, ſo little ſeen?"

"Oh, nothing,"—Mr. Lindſay anſwered,—"Nothing. I give you credit for the pureſt benevolence that ever warmed the heart of man. Simple benevolence, unmixed with baſer matter. Had a man—a boy—an old woman—been the object, inſtead of Miſs Colerain, there is not the ſhadow of a doubt but you would have done the ſame, and with equal expedition."

"Pſhaw! Lindſay—no—damn it—no, Lindſay—I do not feel myſelf quite ſo perfect neither—" Sir George replied. "But tell me now—do you really, and in your heart, diſapprove what I have done?"

"No,"—Mr. Lindſay ſaid;—"No,—Sir George—not in my heart, it is only in my head."

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

I Do not mean that converſations ended where I end them. No; ſhould I detail all the antique morality of Mr. Lindſay, what good purpoſe could it anſwer, except that of laying my fair readers to ſleep, whilſt they read? I give only ſpecimens; and in ſpite of vanity I can be made to believe, that nobody will deſire more.

Our gentlemen, having gone through the cuſtomary morning exerciſes ſat down to dinner, which they uſually ſeaſoned with gaiety; but to day an invincible thoughtfulneſs had ſeized Mr. Lindſay, proceeding even to

abſtraction. Sir George went out unperceived, and having ſtayed half an hour, he found the fit not ended.

"Where," ſays he, giving Mr. Lindſay a ſlap on the ſhoulder, "where as thy ſoul taken its flight?"

Lindſay ſtarting, anſwered, "To the field of honour. Do not you expect to hear from Mr. Claverly, Sir George?"

"Undoubtedly," Sir George anſwered, "I do."

"And will you meet him, Sir George?"

"Can you doubt it, Lindſay?"

"I could wiſh," Mr. Lindſay replied, "to doubt it; I could wiſh to ſee the day when magnanimity was founded upon the ſenſe of right, not upon the ſenſe of the vague term, honour."

"Pray tell me, Lindſay, how can I avoid meeting Mr. Claverly, if he is genteel enough to aſk it?"

"By a ſimple refuſal," anſwered Mr. Lindſay.

"Yes

"Yes," ſaid Sir George, "and ſee myſelf poſted in town and country coffee-houſes; kicked, or ready to be kicked out of every ſociety; affronted in converſation; inſulted by big looks; pulled by the noſe by every great and ſmall coxcomb who wears a ſword."

"Suppoſe—" Mr. Lindſay aſked, "you kill your man?"

"The world will be rid of a troubleſome fellow?"

"Suppoſe he kills you?"

"He annihilates a cypher."

"My dear Sir George," ſaid Lindſay, "I perceive your ſole view has been fixed upon certain ſuppoſed conſequences here; of conſequences elſewhere you have not ſeemed to reflect."

"Lindſay," replied Sir George, "I know them not; nor you neither. Duelliſts are ſaid to act againſt divine and human laws; but juries feel the ſenſe of injured honour, and human laws ſleep, or become harmleſs; nor is it probable that heaven will puniſh this noble feeling very ſeverely."

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"If divines are right, you are wrong," Mr. Lindſay anſwered;—"you miſtook my meaning; I only wanted to direct your view, which ſeemed to reſt upon conſequences to yourſelf only—to mere human injuries. What think you of unprotected, unſupported widows and orphans? What think you of making fathers, mothers, ſiſters wretched?"

"I think not of it. No man can think of it. His intention is neceſſarily confined to the warm ſenſations glowing for himſelf."

"It is ſaid to have been a queſtion at ſome of our town academies, whether it would be better for a true chriſtian to be pulled by the noſe from Dover to the Orknies, or to have killed his man?"

"I," ſaid Sir George, "whatſoever might be the deciſion of your academics, in ſuch a ſituation, ſhould have killed every man who had applied himſelf to my noſe, if every yard had produced a man, frankly, willingly, greedily."

"Your zeal is not lukewarm in this *honourable* cauſe," ſaid Mr. Lindſay; "it ſhould

" it ſhould ſeem you would not bear the contempt of man—even for heaven."

" When you have demonſtrated that heaven will be the certain reward," " Sir George replied, " I will think of that queſtion; till then, or till I find it no longer the indelible attribute of a gentleman, I muſt go with the current. To ſtrong feelings, arguments will be always oppoſed in vain."

" And yet, my dear Sir George, arguments have been often applied to change the feelings of mankind; have ſucceeded ſometimes, and man has been the better for it: this might be the caſe here."

" Set about it, philoſopher," ſaid Sir George; " and when you have made a decent progreſs in this grand change, I will become a diſciple; but in arranging your argumentations, do not, as polemics uſually do —play at hide and ſeek."

" How is that, Sir George?"

" Hide all your good arguments which oppoſe you, and ſeek the bad ones."

" Of good arguments in favour of duelling, I know only one. It is that, were it not for this apprehenſion, ſociety would be expoſed to the inſults, mockeries, bravadoes of every ſcoundrel who could combine courage with rudeneſs; and that half a dozen members annually cut off, is a cheap purchaſe of the peace of the whole community."

" Can you deny it, Lindſay?" Sir George aſked.

" I can queſtion it, Sir George," replied Lindſay. " This point of honour, which all who reaſon upon it conſider as ſavage, and derived from ſavage anceſtors, is dependant for its ſupport, only upon a mode of thinking. Were it eſſentially neceſſary for the peace of ſociety, how ſubſiſted the poliſhed Greeks and brave Romans without it? how ſubſiſt, at this day, the European Turks, and all the Aſiatics? how, the middle and lower ranks of our own people? Is their peace diſturbed by the want of this polite barbariſm? or are their ſocieties much ſtigmatized for rude behaviour? No. It is alone the all accompliſhed Chriſtian—European—Gentleman

Gentleman—on whom is beſtowed this flattering compliment."

"That it does not ſubſiſt neceſſarily, I ſpeak of duelling," continued Mr. Lindſay, "I am well convinced; nor to aboliſh it altogether, does any thing ſeem neceſſary, but a change in our habits of thought. Were it the faſhion to mark the aggreſſor with contempt, indecency of behaviour would be deſtroyed. If every ſmall, as well as every large ſociety, would but conſider ſuch an offence againſt an individual, as one againſt itſelf—farewell duelling. But valour, like charity, covers a multitude of ſins. What I dare do, I dare defend. This is the magic, or its ape, effrontery, which keeps this part of our civilization at ſo wretched a diſtance. Spirit is ſo animating, ſo alluring, that in its favour, injury and injuſtice find pardon and defenders. I weary you, Sir George."

"I agree to it," Sir George anſwered; "you are throwing away, upon a ſolitary individual, that wiſdom which ſhould convert half a world; ſave it dear Lindſay; I can

only exhibit to your wondering eyes, the triumph of feeling, over reaſon."

"Alas!" ſays Lindſay, "you are not ſolitary in this."

CHAP. XXI.

IN the cool of the evening, Sir George took a walk to the common, intending to inquire of Miſs Carlill how her fair friend did; ſhe had not yet left Miſs Colerain's; ſo Sir George was obliged to call himſelf, or remain unſatisfied. Miſs Colerain, in very polite and ſweet terms, thanked him for his kind attention

attention to her, but without hinting at particulars. After this they entered into general converſation.

Hitherto, Sir George knew little of the compoſition of Miſs Colerain's mind; he was indeed perfectly ſatisfied, that from the hands of nature, the dear ſex come equally qualified with men for ſolid attainments; but he feared that novels, cards, and faſhion, ſaid —though I do not believe it—to be the prevailing fabricators of ladies minds, make them of ſhreds, ſoft indeed, and light, and gloſſy, but of no ſtrong continuity of web. Theſe unpolite ſatyriſts do allow, that there are exceptions; and Sir George had reaſon to believe Miſs Colerain was one.

In attending Miſs Carlill home, Sir George, who began to feel more and more Miſs Colerain's perfections, was fluent in her praiſe. "And much I wonder, ſays he, that of the numerous acquaintance, one ſo lovely, ſo accompliſhed, muſt have had; no ſuperior mind ſhould be found of her own ſex, to whom fortune has given abilities, and nature a heart,

who would ſtep forward on ſuch an occaſion, to protect ſo fair a flower, and to whom Miſs Colerain would not bluſh to be obliged."

"Thou thinkeſt then," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "ſhe muſt have been a favourite with her own ſex?"

"I cannot doubt it," Sir George anſwered.

"Muſt this be for her beauty, or her great endowments?" the fair quaker aſked.

"Sir George replied, "certainly for both."

"In time," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "thou wilt know our ſex better; but I muſt ſet thee right in a few particulars. Cornelia Colerain was not perfect; ſhe was ſingular, and ſingularity thou knoweſt is imperfection."

"Not always," Sir George replied.

"I have read ſome novels, and ſome other books, which aſſure me of it," ſaid Miſs Carlill.

"One may be aſſured," anſwered Sir George, "without being convinced. I ſhall judge better however, when I know theſe imperfections."

"What

"What doſt thou think," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "of a women always well dreſt, without paying regard to faſhion? is it not a phenomenon?"

"I confeſs I have never yet ſeen it," ſaid Sir George.

"Cornelia Colerain," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "always conſulted her own taſte. I confeſs I do not know the elements on which ſhe grounded it, but it ſatisfied the men and diſturbed the women; I think it was a ſort of medium between our ſimplicity, and the unſimplicity, I hope thou underſtandeſt me, of the general modes. But this was not all, ſhe was not content with diſregarding faſhion, but ſhe diſregarding faſhionable folks alſo; eſpecially the miſſes who have no other diſcourſe. Add to this, that ſhe neglected too much the routine of viſits; that ſhe loved books better than cards; and that ſhe never was ſo happy as when ſhe was buried alive, as they called it, on Combor heath. Could theſe things pleaſe? are there many mothers who would chuſe to place Cornelia Colerain by

by the ſide of their daughters? or would like to pay for being convinced of their own inferiority; Beſides, Cornelia has the humour of owing obligation to nobody; I am ſpeaking of her imperfections, thou knoweſt. Thyſelf perhaps, has obliged her too much."

"Indeed!" ſays Sir George. "Pray Miſs Carlill did ſhe ſay any think of this kind?"

"Why, ſhe did aſk me," Miſs Carlill replied, "whether I knew Sir George Paradyne? whether it was common for young gentlemen to be ſo ready to oblige ſtrangers? in ſhort, whether I met with no objection in my own mind, to imputing ſuch kindneſs to pure beneficence?"

"Your anſwer, dear Miſs Carlill?"

"I was obliged to confeſs I knew thee only by report; and that was in thy favour. As far as I knew thee perſonally, I thought thee gentle, benevolent, and romantic."

"Could you not have ſpared the laſt, dear madam?" Sir George aſked.

"One

"One ſhould not ſpare the truth, thou knoweſt," Miſs Carlill replied.

"So then," ſaid Sir George, "I have been ſuſpected by Miſs Colerain of—of impertinence—and God knows what beſide?

"Caution," Miſs Carlill anſwered, "is not always ſuſpicion. Would it be in character with Cornelia Colerain to accept obligation, without troubling herſelf to whom, or to what kind of people ſhe owes them?"—men too?

"I own," Sir George ſaid, "it would not."

Being now arrived at Mrs. Carlill's door, Sir George took leave, and turned his ruminating ſtep toward the Falcon.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

AS it was not in Miſs Colerain's nature to be rude or capricious, ſhe could not ſternly forbid the occaſionally calls of Sir George Paradyne, eſpecially as he was uſually accompanied by Miſs Carlill. Ten days had produced a friendly and agreeable intimacy; and ſuch was the correct behaviour; ſo lively the wit, and ſo great the power of pleaſing, which Sir George really poſſeſſed, that the rigid delicacy of Miſs Colerain could find nothing exceptionable in his viſits—except the viſits themſelves. She too had her power of pleaſing; and they did pleaſe Sir George to ſuch

ſuch a degree, that he forget he was a traveller, and was in danger of forgetting that he was the ſon of Lady Mary Paradyne, the nephew of Lord Auſchamp, and twenty other things very eſſential to be remembered by all men of rank and fortune;—in ſhort, he was in love.

But Mr. Lindſay had not the ſame cauſe for abbreviation of memory. He had frequently given hints concerning loſs of time; Sir George could not entertain the idea, that time ſo well ſpent could be loſt. Mr. Lindſay found it neceſſary to proceed to expoſtulation, and he began it by wondering why Sir George ſhould burthen himſelf with the expence of a man ſo uſeleſs to him.

"Uſeleſs! dear Lindſay," ſaid Sir George, "what new thing has entered your imagination?"

"I own I am uneaſy with the idea of my own inutility," ſaid Lindſay. "Then you are weary of me," replied Sir George.

"No—" Mr. Lindſay anſwered; "No—I am only weary of being inſignificant."

"Why

"Why you ſhould think ſo, my dear Lindſay," ſaid Sir George, "I know not; but this I know, that I repoſe with perfect confidence upon your friendſhip, am ſenſible of my own inexperience, and foreſee on my entrance into life, a thouſand occaſions for availing myſelf of yours. In ſhort, it is you who muſt be my guide; it is you who muſt point out the way I am to go."

"Am I alſo," ſaid Lindſay, "to tell you the way you ought not to go?"

"Without doubt," Sir George replied, "the minor you know is contained in the major."

"Then," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, with a ſmile, "in my humble opinion, you ought not to take the road ſo often to Combor Common."

"It is clean," ſaid Sir George, returning the ſmile, "and pleaſant."

"Oh," replied Lindſay, "a perfect path of roſes; but roſes have thorns."

"I ſee," ſaid Sir George, "you are afraid of Miſs Colerain; afraid I ſhould contaminate my greatneſs, no doubt, by committing

mitting the foul crime of matrimony with the child of poverty and misfortune."

"Sir George," replied Lindſay, with a more ſerious air, "you know how theſe things are generally conſidered; I own, I would not willingly you ſhould give an early impreſſion againſt yourſelf, by an act, certainly not prudent, nor, though I have no ambition to ſtand high in the opinion of Lord Auſchamp, I ſhould not wiſh to be execrated by him, or by Lady Mary Paradyne, as I ſhall be if I am ſuppoſed the friend, with whoſe concurrence you acted. Beſides, Sir George, when I had the honour to aſſiſt in forming your plan of life for the next ſeven years, you declared your intention in the moſt decided terms, of adhering ſtrictly to what we had agreed upon?"

"I do ſo ſtill, Lindſay," Sir George replied. "But," added he gaily, "does the plan neceſſarily exclude love?"

"Love—" Mr. Lindſay replied—"would probably exclude it. Not that a man in love may not talk, or travel; or for ought I know, be

be a miniſter of ſtate. But it uſually happens, that under the auſpices of this idle and voluptuous deity, the nobler faculties of the mind are loſt."

"You forget, Lindſay, the Cymon's of the world," ſaid Sir George.

"You, Sir George," Mr. Lindſay replied, "you want no powers of mind, nor any powers, to give you a full title to the poſſeſſion of Miſs Colerain; you may marry and be happy; for this, you need not an atom more of knowledge than you already poſſeſs. But let not two incompatible deſires invade you at once. The love of women and the love of fame, lead to different things; no one knows better than myſelf, how fatal love, as a paſſion, is to manly exertion. If you can quietly reſign the deſire of ſuperior eſteem—ſuperior conſideration—do—it is well; but do not retain the deſire, and loſe the power of making thoſe acquiſitions which can alone inſure them."

"You are right, dear Lindſay," anſwered Sir George; "no—I have ſtill the

the ambition of making a better figure in the world, than can be made by an embroidered coat, or a ſplendid coach. The pleaſure I feel in Miſs Colerain's company—for it is only pleaſure, Lindſay, not faſcination I muſt reſolve to give up, leſt it become a habit and coſt me too dear. Yes; I will take leave of the ladies ſoon. Before we go, we will give a dinner to Mr. Holford, to Mr. Ward, the apothecary, and to the two gentlemen with whom we have got an acquaintance upon the bowling-green——and then ſteer our courſe to the North."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

IT may be now expedient to take a peep into the gentle boſom of Miſs Colerain, How far ſhe has offended againſt the laws, in ſuch caſes made and provided, by permitting the viſits of Sir George Paradyne, is not for me to judge; this office belongs to that part of my twenty thouſand fair readers, who have no longer any thing to hope or fear from love; whoſe judgments muſt therefore be unclouded and impartial. To this awful court, I would only plead in mitigation of ſentence, the gratitude a mind like Miſs Colerain's muſt feel, at becoming the object of Sir

Sir George's attentive benevolence, at a time, when diſtreſs had accumulated around her, and no friendly hand was ſtretched out to her relief.

At ſuch a time, would it be ſurpriſing, or fix an indeliable ſtain upon her, if, when gratitude had opened the door, love ſhould have ſtolen in, and neſtled ſomewhere about the heart? So I fear it was, however.

It is true, the moment ſhe felt the attack of this treacherous deity, ſhe ought to have ſat down to the ſerious conſideration of the nature of mankind; ſhe ought to have reflected ſedately upon the verſatility of young men; of the pride of the rich and great; and of the ſmall probability there was, that Sir George ſhould be a phœnix or a black ſwan. This is, no doubt, what all young ladies have done, or will do—provided they have time.

Although I deſire no more than twenty thouſand fair readers, who ſhall be the handſomeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt, in the realm of England, yet have I ſome doubt, whether I ſhall be able to make up the whole charming number

number of thoſe, who, when love ſparkled in the eyes of their lovers, and languiſhed in their own, did find time to go into the prudential queſtion, *cui bono?* who, when the words which fell from a lover's lip's, were ſoft, ſweet, and tender, were eager to analize them, and to inquire with preciſion, if they were alſo words of honour and of truth? at leaſt, at the time I am now ſpeaking of, it is to be doubted if Miſs Colerain had advanced very far in ſuch an analyſis.

It is indeed very true, that Sir George had hitherto made no declaration—except with his eyes. In the common and orderly courſe of things, words ſoon follow. Miſs Colerain had expected them, and was prepared, though ſhe apprehended it would add to her miſery, to give a decided negative. She reaſoned, when ſhe did reaſon, thus: Sir George Paradyne is young, warm, animated, and benevolent. If he loves me, though it would form my higheſt felicity to be the cauſe of his, it would be moſt ungenerous to take advantage of his youthful ardor, and clog his

fairer proſpects with a wife, poor, unfriended, and even with ſome ſtain of infamy upon her; for mankind, in forming its opinions, will too often puniſh children, not for the ſins only, but for the misfortunes of their fathers. By his relations and friends, I ſhall be conſidered as an unprincipled and inſidious creature; and who knows when the bandage which love has tied over his eyes, is taken off, how I may be regarded by Sir George himſelf. To marry me, would be a manifeſt mark of his imprudence; and ſurely imprudence is no good foundation to build happineſs upon. I ſhould truſt my happineſs to a man whom I ſcarce knew, who has all the eager impetuoſity of youth, whoſe propenſities indeed ſeem virtues; but how oft' has ſeeming virtue been diſcovered to be real vice? how oft' has benevolence been the pander to illegal deſires?

I riſque then by marriage with Sir George Paradyne now, ſuppoſing marriage to be his intention—his happineſs, and my own. This is quite too much. No, I cannot, ought not,

will not hear him upon this ſubject. Perhaps he will ſay I am ſtubborn, capricious, and that I ſacrifice to falſe delicacy. From his judgment now, I will appeal to his judgment when a few years more have matured it. If at twenty-five he confirms the affection he honoured me with at twenty, it will be a proof of its ſolidity, and a prognoſtic of future happineſs. If not, I may fairly preſume poſſeſſion would have been as fatal to it as abſence; and what greater cauſe of miſery to woman, than the loſt affections of a beloved huſband?

Miſs Carlill, who aſſiſted at theſe reaſonings, did not entirely agree in ſentiment with her friend; ſhe thought the probable contingences lay on the other ſide of the queſtion; that a marriage with Miſs Colerain was likely to prevent the aberrations of Sir George Paradyne, and that ſo ſplendid an eſtabliſhment for her friend, was not to be refined away, on the ground of barely probable contingences; but all the arguments of this ſtrenuous friend, could not prevail upon Miſs Colerain

Colerain to lay aſide her delicate apprehenſions.

It flowed from Miſs Colerain's reaſoning, that her preſent ſituation was not favourable to the preſervation of character, and ſhe determined to change it.

It is, I believe, eaſier to reſolve upon a meaſure impoſed by hard neceſſity againſt inclination, than to execute it. Miſs Colerain reſolved from day to day; Sir George did the ſame regarding his own departure; and once a day at leaſt, paid her a viſit, with an intention to preſs a farther benefaction upon her; and to bid her adieu. For the firſt, he never could find a ſufficiently delicate expreſſion, and for the laſt, he never could find a heart.

Miſs Colerain hitherto had had no ſtimulus for the execution of her reſolve, but what ſhe had drawn from within. Now ſhe acquired one from without, in the following manner:

The reverend Mr. Holford called upon her one morning, and after due ſalutations, began thus: "I am afraid, Miſs Colerain,

that you may think me impertinently officious in what I am about to ſay; but you muſt know, madam, that I think it the duty of every good clergyman, to be attentive to the ſpiritual good of all his pariſhioners, and alſo to the temporal, when it leads to ſpiritual concerns, and that he ought to exhort, adviſe, conſole, or admoniſh, as occaſions may offer."

Miſs Colerain never had a profound veneration for Mr. Holford, and his behaviour, when ſhe accompanied her friend to the tea viſit, mentioned before, had not increaſed it. There was a time, ſtill freſh in the memory of Miſs Colerain, when Mr. Holford's adulation was as much at her ſervice almoſt, as at Miſs Haubert's. With her fortune, ſhe loſt this valuable poſſeſſion alſo. The quick and evident alteration could not but be remarked, and be remarked with contempt. She did not therefore hear this exordium, with all the humility which becomes young ladies to their ſpiritual paſtor; ſo that when Mr. Holford pauſed for a moment in expectation of Miſs Colerain's reply—or rather her aſſent —ſhe

—ſhe only ſaid—" and for which of theſe purpoſes has Mr. Holford taken the trouble to call upon me now?"

" It is, madam, and I am ſorry to ſay it, for the purpoſe of admonition." Miſs Colerain ſtarted; and after a moment ſaid, " Good ſir, were you called upon?"

" I perceive," ſaid Mr. Holford, " you are of the opinion of thoſe, who think it is not the province of a clergyman, more than of any other perſon, to intrude his advice, or whatever elſe it may be, unaſked; but give me leave to tell you, madam, that thoſe people know little of the clerical inſtitution. It is our ſacred function not only to adviſe, but even to controul to virtue. Formerly, the church was armed with ſalutary powers for this beneficial purpoſe; now, unhappily for mankind, taken away by pride, power, and corruption."

" Is it," Miſs Colerain aſked, " is it in order to controul me to virtue, Mr. Holford, you now take all this trouble?"

"I hope, madam, I ſhall not need to go beyond perſuaſion," anſwered Mr. Holford.

"I hope," ſaid Miſs Colerain, "you will not need to go ſo far, and I ſhall be much obliged to you to be brief and explicit."

"I ſhall ſo, madam," ſaid Mr. Holford, "for I perceive my admonitions are not likely to be taken in good part: A gentleman from Southampton dined with me yeſterday, and he informed me that you, madam, made up the principal converſation of that idle town."

"In what manner, ſir?" Miſs Colerain aſked.

"They are the frequent viſits of Sir George Paradyne, madam, which have excited obſervation."

"Probably,"—ſaid Miſs Colerain with a ſigh.

"And the report is, madam, that you have entered into terms with him."

"Terms, ſir!" ſaid Miſs Colerain.

"Not, madam," continued the parſon, "that I have any thing to ſay, particularly, againſt

againſt Sir George Paradyne; nor am I ſo ignorant of the world as not to know that gentlemen do form ſuch connexions very often; neither am I ſo illiberal as to ſuppoſe, that if ſuch connexion be honourably adhered to, according to the terms, that it is unpardonable in the ſight of God."

"No, Sir?" ſaid Miſs Colerain, with aſtoniſhed ſimplicity.

"No, madam; Mr. Madan has corrected ſome falſe ideas on this head, and proved, that what God allowed to the Patriarchs, though now wrong, cannot be eternally reprobated by his juſtice and mercy."

"If you are offering this for my conſolation, Mr. Holford," ſaid Miſs Colerain, "it is unneceſſary."

"It may be neceſſary, madam, for you to think of it hereafter," ſaid Mr. Holford. "At preſent, you may be full of the bliſs of the connexion, but that cannot laſt; the illuſion of the ſenſes will vaniſh, and then——"

"What then ſir?" Miſs Colerain aſked.

"You will then want the conſolations of wiſdom, madam," anſwered Mr. Holford.

"And where can I have them, ſir?" ſaid Miſs Colerain.

"I offer you, madam, my friendſhip and good ſervices."

"To what purpoſe, ſir?"

"I am not, madam, a rigid cenſor of the private failings of human nature; neither am I inſenſible to the charms of beauty, but I think always, the utmoſt external decency and decorum ought to be preſerved, for the ſake of good example to the lower claſſes—and—"

"This," ſaid Miſs Colerain, riſing from her ſeat, "this, from a clergyman, and married!"—you have ſtill ideas which ought to be corrected; aſſuredly, I am not the perſon you have done me the honour to ſuppoſe I am; nor will I make terms with Sir George Paradyne, even for the friendſhip and conſolations of the reverend Mr. Holford, to whom I have the honour of wiſhing a good morning."

ing." On ſaying this, Miſs Colerain left the room.

The parſon was angry, very angry; the kindneſs he intended to ſhew Miſs Colerain —to be thus received—and by a perſon, of whoſe lapſe from virtue, notwithſtanding her hints of innocence, he had, as he imagined, the fulleſt proofs. It was however the day on which he was to dine at the Falcon, by Sir George's invitation, an honourable gentleman, who along with the invitation had ſent him a dozen of wine. It was not in his nature to be angry with ſuch a gentleman, for a peccadillo, not ſtrictly moral indeed, but countenanced by the times.

High ſpirited and conſcious of innocence as Miſs Colerain was, ſhe felt, notwithſtanding, the full force of her unhappy and delicate ſituation. A while ſhe wept, then took the way to Miſs Carlill's to communicate to her what had juſt paſt, and notify her determination to execute inſtantly her plan of migration.

Miſs Carlill, who could not bear to think of a ſtep which would convey her friend to a great diſtance, pleaded againſt it with greater force of friendſhip than of argument, and finally adviſed her to acquaint Sir George with what Mr. Holford had ſaid. This her good ſenſe led her to determine againſt deciſively, for two reaſons; the firſt, that Sir George might think it a plan to precipitate him into a declaration he had not yet made—an idea inſupportable to her delicate mind; the ſecond, that Sir George in endeavouring to diſcover the ſource of this infamous report, might only propogate it the farther, and perhaps involve himſelf in danger.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

IT was in conſequences of many edifying diſcourſes which Mr. Lindſay directed to Sir George, that the latter had got ſo far in the high road of reſolution, as to invite the friends formerly mentioned to dinner; which was the preparatory ſtep to his bidding adieu to the Falcon and all its charming vicinities.

The idea did not add to Sir George's felicity. No man could well be more impreſſed with the laudable ambition of acquiring eſteem and conſideration; but no man could well be more in love. This latter, ſo far from being an open and avowed ſentiment,

was unknown, nay unſuſpected, even by Sir George himſelf. He did not think of love, he thought only of Miſs Colerain. So charming in perſon, ſo amiable in mind; philoſophy itſelf could ſcarcely engage his attention more ſtrongly.

Juſt as the company were ſitting down to dinner, a traveller arrived on horſeback, attended by one ſervant. He was a thin, meagre, gentleman, with a countenance which Mr. Lavater would have ſtudied with peculiar pleaſure. There was an animation in his eye, which indicated vivacity of imagination; but his dejected air ſhewed this vivacity was repreſſed. Sir George invited him to dinner, becauſe at a ſolitary table he could not this day be ſo properly attended to. During dinner he ſpoke little, eat bread and roots only, and drank water.

The company then conſiſted of ſeven gentlemen; Sir George with Mr. Lindſay, the ſtranger, the revered Mr. Holford and Mr. Apothecary Ward, and the two gentlemen bowlers, whom, as they make no part of our future

future buſineſs, we need not announce in form.

Of Mr. Holford we know ſomething: he was a ſound divine, orthodox in preaching and in eating, could bear a little infidelity, and free thinking, provided they were accompanied with good wine and good veniſon. In politics he was leſs indulgent, and always found himſelf much heated when obedience to the higher powers was called in queſtion. Add to this, that he was ſeldom found wanting in complaiſance to the fortunate beings of wealth and title, and where theſe were wanting, ſeldom took the trouble to acquire any.

Mr. Ward the apothecary, had not the ſame order of ideas. Strongly addicted to ſcepticiſm in medicine, he carried it a little into religion and politics; ſo he was known to have controverted often what Mr. Holford conſidered as firſt principles. They were conſidered therefore as antagoniſts, and ſeldom met without a diſpute, or parted without a quarrel.

I believe

I believe it is juſt as poſſible for Engliſh gentlemen to meet over a bottle without canvaſſing affairs of government, as for Engliſh ladies—or any ladies—to meet over a tea-table without canvaſſing faſhions or reputations. Amongſt other refractory matters, ſoluble only in wine, our company ſet ſeriouſly to work to decide upon the quantum of good or of evil produced in England by parties.

Parties—according to Mr. Holford—were the bane of all government, which, to be ſtrong and vigorous, ought to go on in a ſmooth, free, uninterrupted courſe; and beſt of all, when governed by a ſingle will; for Mr. Holford was a ſound tory, and would have been a Jacobite, if that ſect of idolaters had not vaniſhed from amongſt us for want of a deity. Mr. Holford ſaid all that was to be ſaid on that ſide the queſtion, and was plyed with counter arguments by Mr. Ward, who not only thought parties uſeful in a ſtate, but deviated from his ſubject to prove that kings —an individual here and there excepted—

were

were a breed pernicious to man, and which mankind ought to extinguiſh or to muzzle.

Irreverence to kings was blaſphemy, in the opinion of Mr. Holford. His eyes ſparkled with holy rage, and was ſcarce to be reſtrained by good manners from anathematizing the wretch who could maintain ſuch opinions. The argument went into abuſe, and very much into diffuſion. Mr. Lindſay heard all with the calm tranquillity of a philoſopher. Sir George enjoyed the controverſy; and if he ſpoke, it was with the miſchievous view of animating the combatants.

Not ſo the ſtranger; he cared little indeed for the argument, but much for the peace of this ſmall ſociety. Twice he called to order, without effect; the third time with a voice and look that ſeemed to ſay, I will be heard, he ſaid, "Gentlemen—anger may breed contention, but cannot be productive of wiſdom. A little reflection will convince you, that you are waſting words, and giving good ſenſe to be ſcattered by the winds of heaven. What! has experience ſo little taught mankind

the

the road to truth, that men will ſtill ſeek it by ways in which it is not to be found. Things not known, are to be ſought for by the medium of things that are known; this is an axiom not leſs true in politics than in mathematics; but gentlemen—where are your data?"

Sir George and Mr. Lindſay, ſtruck with the ſtranger's good ſenſe as well as his manner, applauded what he had juſt ſaid; Mr. Holford and Mr. Ward were reduced to ſilence, more by the commanding emphaſis with which the gentleman ſpoke, than by his axiom.

"It is," continued he, "a rule in well ordered ſocieties, that every perſon ſhould ſay what he chuſes without interruption; and this rule preſerves decorum, and may gain attention; without it, gentlemen are too apt to attend to no ideas but their own. In ſuch a caſe, Michael the archangel might ſpeak, and ſpeak in vain. Every man expects to be heard; every man then ſhould be ready to hear.

"It

"It is to be obſerved, gentlemen," continued the ſtranger, "that a good argument is nothing but a ſeries of antecedents and conſequents, of propoſitions, proofs, and deductions; the concluſions ought to be taken from the premiſes ſtrictly, but perſpicuouſly. I hope I have the honour of your aſſent to theſe particulars."

All bowed and were ſilent except Sir George, whoſe curioſity being highly raiſed by this exordium, ſaid, "Certainly, ſir; and I wiſh a gentleman who knows ſo well to give the precept, would alſo give the example."

"If," ſaid the gentleman, "you will accept a feeble ſpecimen of what may be done by your ſuperior powers rightly directed, I will endeavour to ſatisfy you." They bowed aſſent.

"Government," the ſtranger proceeded, "whether of divine or human ordinance, has for its end the good of mankind.

"Man is carried by inſtinct, or ſomething as ſtrong as inſtinct, to the gratification of his

his appetites, and to the indulgence of his paſſions.

" Kings are men.

" When the love of power becomes a paſſion—and when does it not become a paſſion in kings? it ſeeks its own enlargement.

" Power may be directed to the increaſe of the general welfare; it may alſo be directed to its injury.

" If ten kings ſtretch it to the injury of mankind, for one who uſes it for their benefit—and I fear the hiſtory of mankind will not lead us to deny the propoſition—the reaſon for reſtraining it is ten times as great, as the reaſon for leaving is unlimited.

" Therefore it ought to be reſtrained." This argument being directed againſt Mr. Holford's principle poſition, I attend his reply.

Mr. Holford declined to anſwer—for ſays he, " Though perhaps I might find matter, I cannot, for want of practice, diſpoſe of it by logical arrangement."

" May

"May I be permitted," the ſtranger aſked, "without offence, to endeavour it, as far as I have this day heard your argument?"

Mr. Holford nodded an ungracious aſſent.

"Since," continued the ſpeaker, "the powers that be, are ordained of God; government is of divine authority.

"Kings are therefore the delegates of heaven, and how can it be ſuppoſed that delegates of heaven can abuſe their power?

"If men are ever unfortunate enough to think they do, it ought to be conſidered as permitted by heaven, and therefore a chaſtiſement for the ſins of a people.

"In ſuch a caſe, reſiſtence would be impious. We ought to bow down our heads before the Lord, and before his anointed."

"This was ſaid with ſo impoſing a tone of gravity and importance, that Mr. Holford cried out exultingly, "Yes, certainly, theſe are my elements, as I may call them; theſe are my fundamental propoſitions, and I think they will not be eaſily refuted."

"They

"They may be denied, however." Mr. Ward anſwered.

"Any thing may be denied, ſir," ſaid Mr. Holford; "a man may deny the incarnation."

That he may indeed," replied Mr. Ward. "Let us however return to our ſubject. I flatly and poſitively deny that kings are delegates of heaven."

"We muſt prove it then," ſaid the ſtranger, with his accuſtomed gravity. "God governs the world; then all the active powers in it are his miniſters. Kings are active powers. Then kings are his miniſters."

"I deny that he governs the world in any ſuch ſenſe," ſaid Ward. "As we go on," ſaid the ſtranger, "we muſt give up the argument for want of data on which we can build. Let us try again."

"God made the world, and all things in it." The ſpeaker looked at Mr. Ward for his aſſent, who not anſwering, he added, "for the uſe of man."

"With

"With that addition," replied the apothecary, "I deny the propoſition."

"If ſo," reſumed the ſtranger, "I muſt turn you over to the clergy;" for, continues he, ſmiling, "when I think upon gnats, locuſts, and moſquitoes, I dare not enter upon the proof."

Mr. Holford at this concluſion, happened to be in the midſt of a pipe, ſucked in the grateful perfume with double avidity; probably hoping amidſt his other inſpirations, a ſmall blaſt of the ſpirit. As it was rather too long in coming, Sir George aſked the ſtranger, if he thought the qu ſtion concerning parties was capable of logical deciſion?

"One might reaſon upon it," ſaid the ſtranger, looking at the apothecary with complacency, "if the gentlemen of the faculty would not deny us our data, thus:

"Laws are neceſſary for man, and require certain individuals to execute them.

"Generally—man will not take a trouble without expectation of any emolument. There are emoluments of ambition, of vanity, of pride, of revenge, as well as of avarice.

"Generally

" Generally—for I would not abſolutely deny the exiſtence of pure patriotiſm, though I conſider it as a rare virtue—contention for office, is a contention of theſe and other ſimilar paſſions.

" Generally—the ſervants of the crown are deſirous to preſerve their emoluments; whilſt they have upon their right hand and upon their left, thoſe who deſire to obtain them for themſelves.

" In every propoſition that comes from the part of government, their odds are to lay, that the oſtenſible is not the ſole, and ſeldom the principle motive. That there is ſome cabal to gratify, ſome concealed intereſt to promote, ſome crooked politics which ſhun the face of day.

" The eye of the people is not that of a Lynx. The keen eye of oppoſition is alone competent to ſee the barbed hook, which too often lies concealed under the ſplendid baits of government. So far parties are good.

" If all were fair on the part of adminiſtration, ſtill, diſquiſition is neceſſary for finding the good or the evil of an unknown object; and

and party is neceſſary for diſquiſition. Parties then are generally good."

It is true, that neither the antecedents or the conſequents in theſe arguments, were indebted to their author for preciſion; but the mode was new, and as none of the gentlemen ſeemed diſpoſed to follow it, Sir George, after a compliment paid to the ſtranger, adroitly changed the ſubject.

After many diffuſive turns and changes, in which the ſtranger took little ſhare, the converſation fell upon the manners and morals of the age. Many good things were ſaid which have been ſaid before, and others not ſo good, and none deſerving repetition.

After diſputing long with little hope of concordance, the ſtranger was requeſted to give his opinion.

"We have, ſaid he, corrected many faults, and we have brought many into more general exiſtence. The manly manners of our more immediate anceſtors, we have exchanged for the manners of women. We have gained in gentleneſs and humanity; we have loſt in firmneſs of nerve, and ſtrength of conſtitution.

conſtitution. The vices of our more remote anceſtors were great and ferocious; ours are of ſofter temperament, but more diffuſed. In point of quantity, their follies bore but a ſmall proportion to our frivolities; in ſhort, we have loſt tobacco; but we have made it up to the revenue in pomades, in eſſences, and in hair-powder."

This concluſion, ſeeming to deſcend into the bathos, drew a general ſmile from the company.

"But what ſhall I ſay," continued the ſtranger, his eyes ſparkled with ſuperior animation: "what ſhall I ſay of our women? heavens! what pen or tongue can enumerate the evils which ariſe from our connexions, our matrimonial connexions with this frail and feeble ſex? which of our corruptions may we not trace to their vanities?"

Here the ſtranger ſtopped, ſeemingly wrapped in ſome ſtrong cogitation. Surpriſe kept the company ſilent. Soon, however, he recovered from his reverie, became ſenſible of his abſtraction, and apologized for it; then filling a glaſs with wine, the firſt he had drank

drank undiluted, "Come," ſaid he, "A health to the univerſal good of mankind; and may the time come when the commerce of the ſexes ſhall be pure and unmixed, flowing from the heart, unſhackled, unreſtrained."

The company, without knowing to what this myſterious health pledged them, drank it from pure complaiſance; the ſtranger then aſſuming a ſportive air, ſaid, "If you knew, gentlemen, the obligations I have to the ſex, you would the leſs wonder at the ſtrength of my regard for it."

Sir George anſwered, "That whatever was agreeable to him to communicate, would certainly be agreeable to the company to hear."

"My father," he began, "was a gentleman of two thouſand pounds a year, in Cumberland. He was comparatively a happy man in marriage; for my mother's principal fault being a clamourous tongue, and he being a man of learning and philoſophy, he could generally avoid her exhibitions in the ſanctuary of his ſtudy.

" At my mother's death, which happened when I was thirteen, I was the only ſurviving child, and the idol of my father, who, not being able to bear my abſence from him, ſought a preceptor to aſſiſt him in my education at home. I got virtue thereof and ſcience, but not one of thoſe brilliant talents which dazzle the eyes of an admiring world.

" At twenty-three I loſt my father, and one year after married the daughter of a neighbouring baronet; he had a very good eſtate, and lived in great elegance and poverty; for he had a fine lady to his wife, two ſons, fine young gentlemen, and ſix faſhionable daughters. He promiſed me a few thouſands by way of portion, but was never able to raiſe the money.

" I was happy—ſeveral days, for Mrs. Mowbray was pretty, had a charming vivacity, ſhe had alſo an unbounded paſſion for admiration, and lived but in a crowd. As I had hitherto ſeen but little of the great world, I yielded to he- ſolicitations to ſpend our firſt winter in London. The eclat with which we

entered our career of faſhion, and the ſpirit with which we kept it up for the firſt ſix months, only coſt me eleven thouſand pounds. I brought into the country a reluctant wife, an auctioneer to ſell a fourth part of my eſtate, and an head that ached at its own folly.

" Now began our daily altercations, thoſe peculiar felicities, which I have ſince found cauſe to believe, form the moſt conſiderable portion of bliſs in a large majority of families. I wanted to economiſe, Mrs. Mowbray ſickened at the idea; ſhe could not read —ſcarce even a novel. She hated work, was no proficient in muſic, and family cares were below her attention. Her mornings were uſually ſpent in yawning, ſtretching, lounging, and all the liſtleſs ſymptoms of enui; her evenings in reproaches and tears. She was miſerable,—and ſo was I.

" To comply with Mrs. Mowbray's inclination was certain ruin; not to comply was certain wretchedneſs. For I was ſtill loving and uxorious, and ſhe had cunning enough to make her advantage of it. The duke of

Anjou, the firſt Bourbon king of Spain, had a wife who did the ſame; and there was a general ſimilitude between the queen's puſhing away the king's half of the ſynonime bed, till ſhe brought him to her will, and Mrs. Mowbray's arts to bring me to her's. At length I ceaſed to contend, and my houſe became the general rendezvous of half the idlers in the county.

" Why need I be particular in my deſcription of things, now grown ſo familiar to the public eye, that they have ceaſed to create ſurpriſe. I was ſoon called upon by my creditors, for the ſale of another eſtate; nor was this ſecond memento mori, as I may call it, able to overcome my conjugal weakneſs.

" Amongſt the number of friends Mrs. Mowbray's elegant mode of living procured me, was the ſon of Lord ———, a ſoft and ſilky gentleman, the monkey of the ladies, and never in his element when not employed in their ſervice. Mrs. Mowbray had great freedom of manners with gentlemen, which is, I ſuppoſe, the ton, and my heart had

had ſometimes felt a pang on that account; but to be jealous of ſuch a man! I ſhould have thought it as reaſonable to ſuſpect Mrs. Mowbray's woman.

" My wife's dreſſing-room I ſeldom entered. One morning, having occaſion to conſult her upon ſome folly of the day, I ſtepped in. Upon my ſoul, gentlemen, I know not in what words to deſcribe the ridiculous object which met my eyes. Mrs. Mowbray was ſeated on a chair, and my young lordling was ſeated on her lap—— face to face.——Her hands were claſped upon his back, no doubt to ſupport him, whilſt he was applying the rouge to her cheeks. At my entrance, Mrs. Mowbray gave a little ſcream, looſed her hold, and my gentleman fell backwards upon the carpet.

" At this inſtant it never entered my head, that this familiarity might, upon our improved ſyſtem of manners, be quite conſiſtent with innocence. I was too mad to reflect, or even to liſten to the proteſtations of the honourable gentleman, who, proteſted, vowed upon his

honour and his faith, that he never entertained a thought of injuring me in ſo delicate a point; and for farther juſtification, aſſured me he had the honour to be face-painter to two counteſſes. All would not do. I ſtill inſiſted upon immediate ſatisfaction. Coxcomb as he was, he did not want courage; for when I had ſufficiently provoked him, he ran to his apartment for his ſword, and followed me into the park. Servants raiſed by Mrs. Mowbray's clamour were coming to us, ſo that we had no time for quart or tierce, and did nothing more than juſt paſs our ſwords through each other's body. We both fell, were carried into our apartments, had each our own ſurgeon, who pronounced our wounds to be mortal. Their ſkill happened to be ſuperior to their prognoſtics, for after a fortnight we were both out of danger.

" All the time I lay ill, and whilſt my phyſician condemned me to darkneſs and to ſilence, my houſe was the houſe of mourning, and filled with condolents. Mrs. Mowbray had much to do; for it is a great undertaking to grieve in ton, ſo that I ſeldom ſaw her, and

and but for an inſtant. It is true, my reception of her was not the moſt inviting. Politeneſs obliged her to be more attentive to her wounded gueſt; and what lady would be deficient in politeneſs.

" In the mean time, the world around did us the honour to reaſon upon the cauſe of this phenomenon. In one place it was politics, gaming in another, and gallantry in a third; but to the gentlemen, who knew I never meddled with gaming or politics, it was puzzling; and quite an enigma to the ladies, how Mr. Lambington, ſo our beau was called, could either be an object of jealouſy to me, or of gallantry to Mrs. Mowbray.

" When I was able to walk about the room, Lord Lambington honoured me with a viſit. His ſon had been at home for ſome days. After ſome apologies, he entered upon the ſubject of our conteſt. I told him the provocation; Lord Lambington ſmiled, and aſked me if I ſhould have played the jealous, had I ſeen his ſon adjuſt Mrs. Mowbray's ſhoe-buckle? I anſwered, no, I might, he ſaid with equal juſtice.

" But

"But the poſture, my Lord!" ſaid I.

"Was commodious, no doubt," anſwered Lord Lambington, "Was you ever in France, Mr. Mowbray?"

"I replied, No."

"Had you," ſaid he, "ſtudied the women at Paris, inſtead of the ſtars, at home, it would have been impoſſible this ridiculous rencountre could have happened. Gentlemen, who have no pretenſions to the laſt favour, are there in poſſeſſion of ſeveral important and delicate perſonal offices at a lady's toilette, ſuch as would excite frenzy in the head of an Engliſh huſband who has not travelled. And you know, Mr. Mowbray, no importation from France is now contraband here.

"The French," continued Lord Lambington, "do really go beyond us in the great art of happineſs; for amongſt a people arrived at a certain degree of refinement, no man—that is, no man of quality—marries with expectation of deriving felicity from love and domeſtic harmony. Or, if he does

marry

marry with that egregious error in his head, he may be pretty certain of an early correction. There are laws of convenience, notwithſtanding, which may render marriage deſirable. Well, then! the Frenchman marries the convenience; he expects nothing more, and avoids the miſery of diſappointment. The hearts of both ſexes are ſtill free; and all that is required is a certain attention to decorum."

"My heart and head were both too Engliſh, too barbarian, to reliſh Lord Lambington's accommodating ideas; they did ſerve, however, rather to calm my emotions of revenge.—Againſt Mrs. Mowbray I took no reſolution; but againſt her mode of life, a decided one. I diſmiſſed my ſuperfluous ſervants, ſold my carriages and horſes, except a chaise and pair, and boldly ſhut my doors againſt the greateſt part of Mrs. Mowbray's acquaintances.

"Why, gentlemen, ſhould I trouble you with an excrutiating detail of particulars? Mrs. Mowbray went to London, and contracted debts; I refuſed to pay, was ſued and caſt

caſt with coſts; I became half frantic with vexation and diſappointment; my friends, or relations rather, called it inſanity, and conſigned me to the care of a gentleman, who ſpared not medicine or coertion. This I endured two years. Friends interpoſed, and my diſorder, if it was inſanity, being harmleſs, I was releaſed. Articles of ſeparation were drawn up between Mrs. Mowbray and I; we divided betwixt us my remaining fortune; I retired, a ſolitary afflicted being, to my own houſe, always thanking heaven for one kindneſs, that it had given me no children.

" Ever ſince the hour that has given me up to liberty and retirement, my whole ſtudy has been to benefit mankind in the important article of marriage. My intention is to offer a bill to the conſideration of both houſes of parliament; the principle deſign of which will be to faciliate divorces. I have gone deep into the ſtudy, and have almoſt compleated my plan; but I muſt firſt travel into thoſe countries where divorces have been long eſtabliſhed; I muſt note their effects

effects upon police; I must know all the actual modes—I must combine them; and from the whole draw the best possible. I am now going to Armenia, where marriages are contracted before the civil magistrate, for time. I go the eastern extremity of China. I will pierce into Thibet; I will visit Hindostan; I will return through Persia; crossing Syria, into Egypt; I will penetrate Ethiopia, and coast the South of Africa; I will return on its western side, and finish my researches in——."

This journey was performed with too much energy. Mr. Mowbray's voice rose to the highest pitch; it was heard by the person who attended him. The man ran into the parlour, at sight of whom Mr. Mowbray stopt short, seemed to have conceived a terror, leaned back upon his chair, and burst into tears. Seeing this, the man made a respectful bow and retired.

The cause was now plain, and the predominant feeling of the company was compassion. Sir George followed the servant out, who confirmed all the particulars of Mrs. Mow-

Mowbray, but painted her in more deteſtable colours. He had lived twenty years with his maſter; and "Sure," ſays he, "a kinder, better man never lived. Before his misfortunes he was equally reſpected and beloved. I attended him to the houſe where he was confined; and becauſe I loved him, bore to be the miniſter of his greateſt torments, leſt ſome unfeeling hand ſhould afflict him ſtill more harſhly; ſo when he wanders, poor gentleman, the very ſight of me recalls to his mind both his diſorder and his puniſhment. He is much amaciated," continues the man, "and having taken the idea of travelling, his friends have committed him to my care, with orders never to contradict this idea, but lead him by ſlow, eaſy journies on horſeback, through the South of France."

Soon after, the company at the Falcon departed. Sir George recommended to Mr. Lindſay a walk to the church-yard, by way of amuſement to Mr. Mowbray; he himſelf took the road to the common.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.